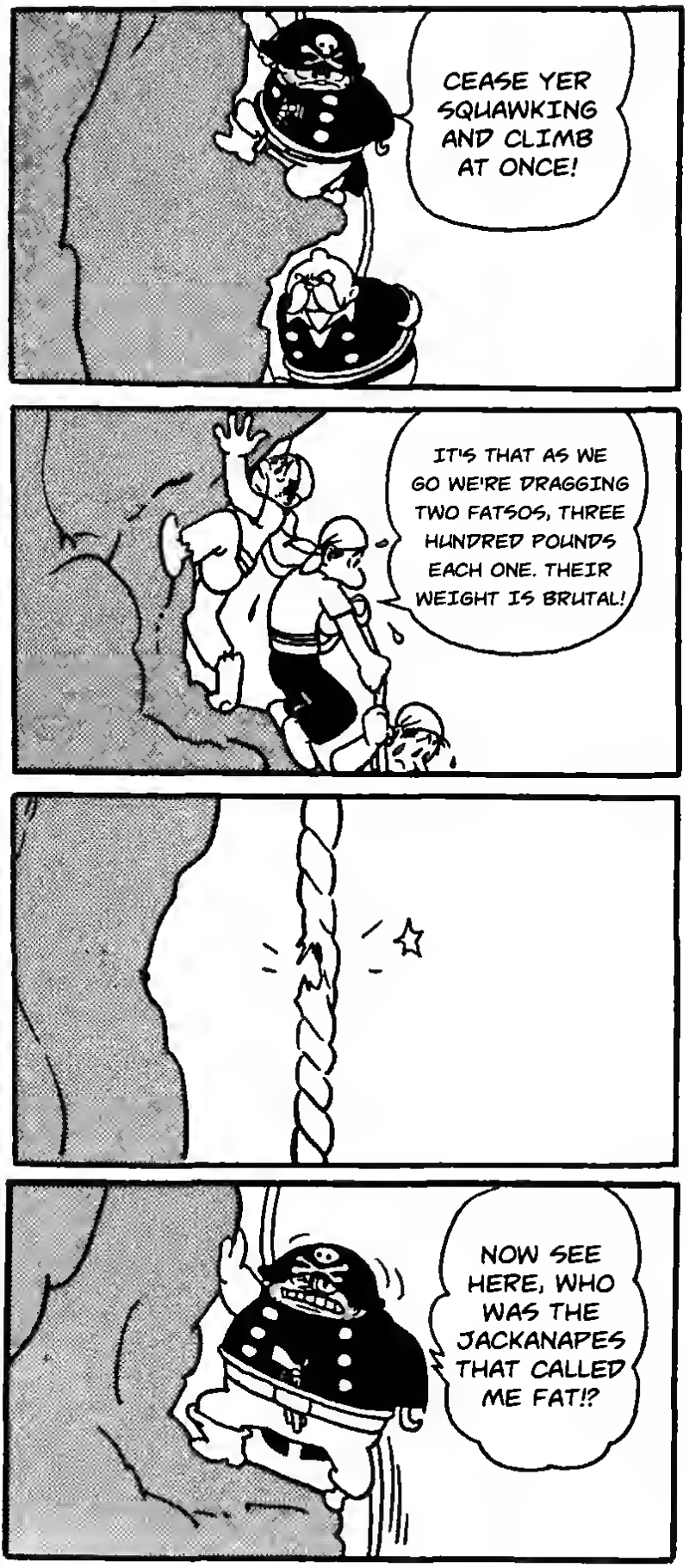
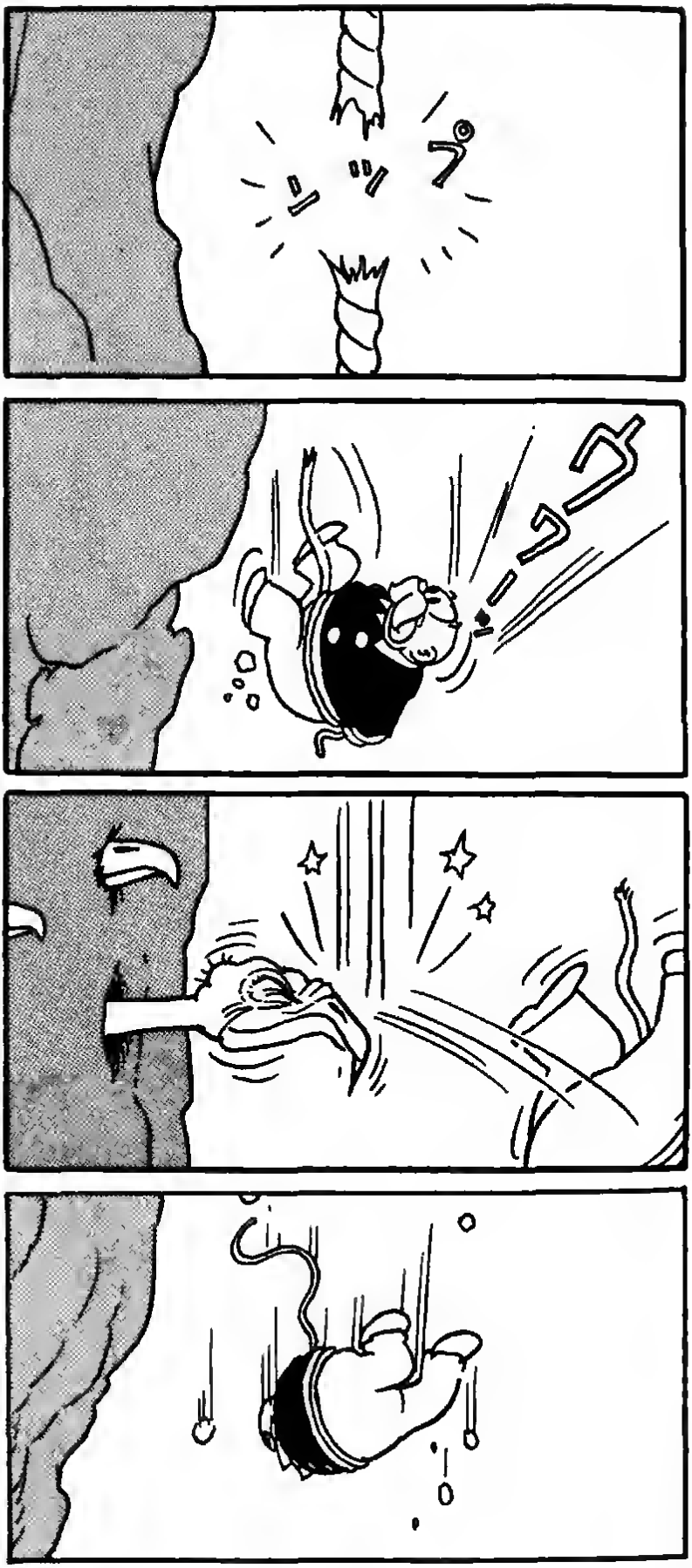
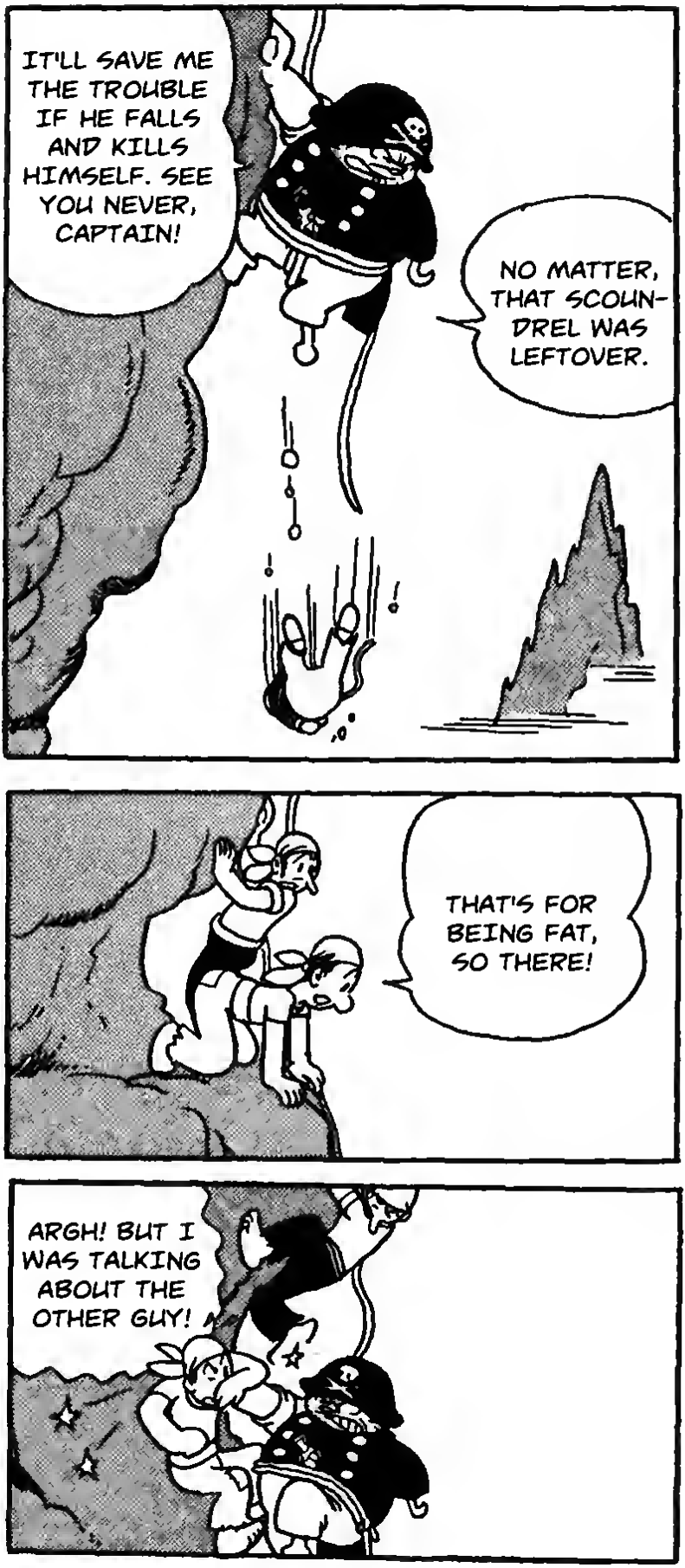
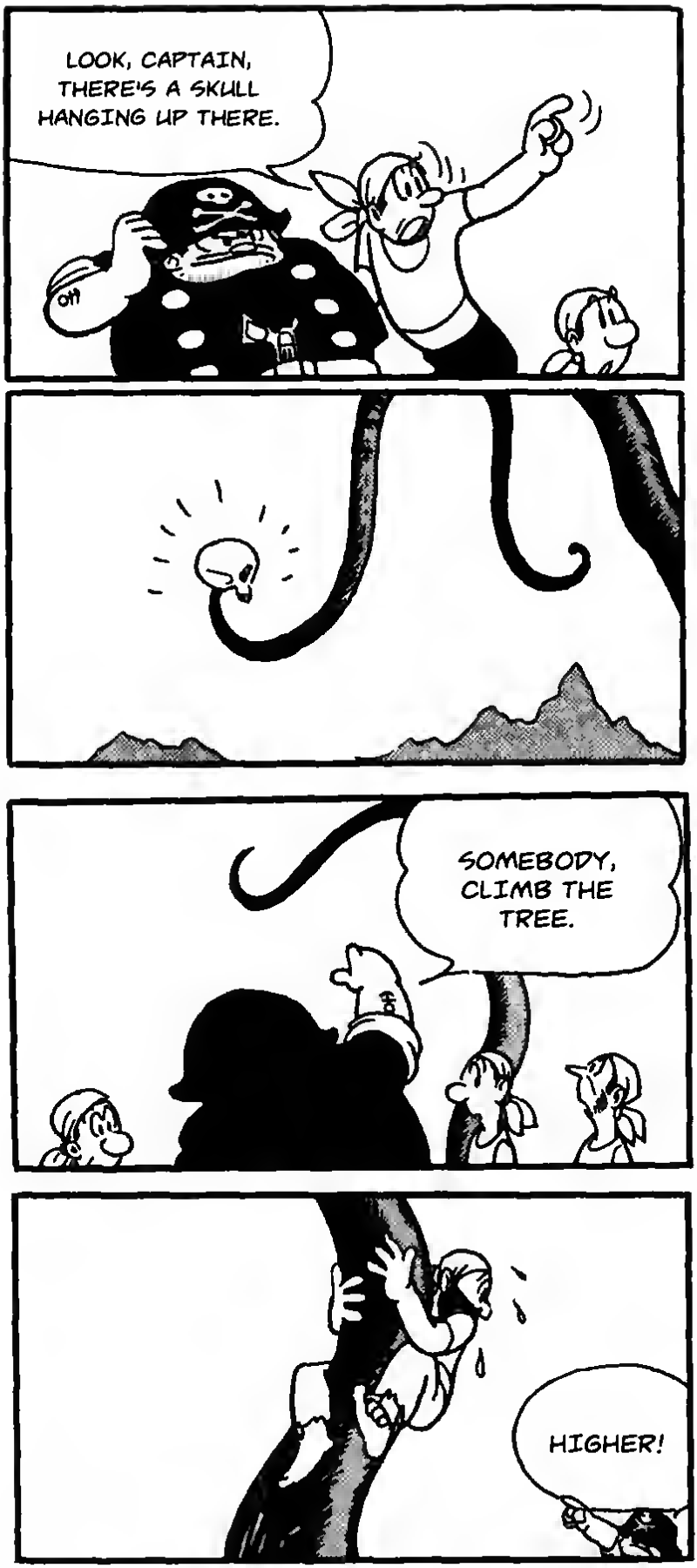
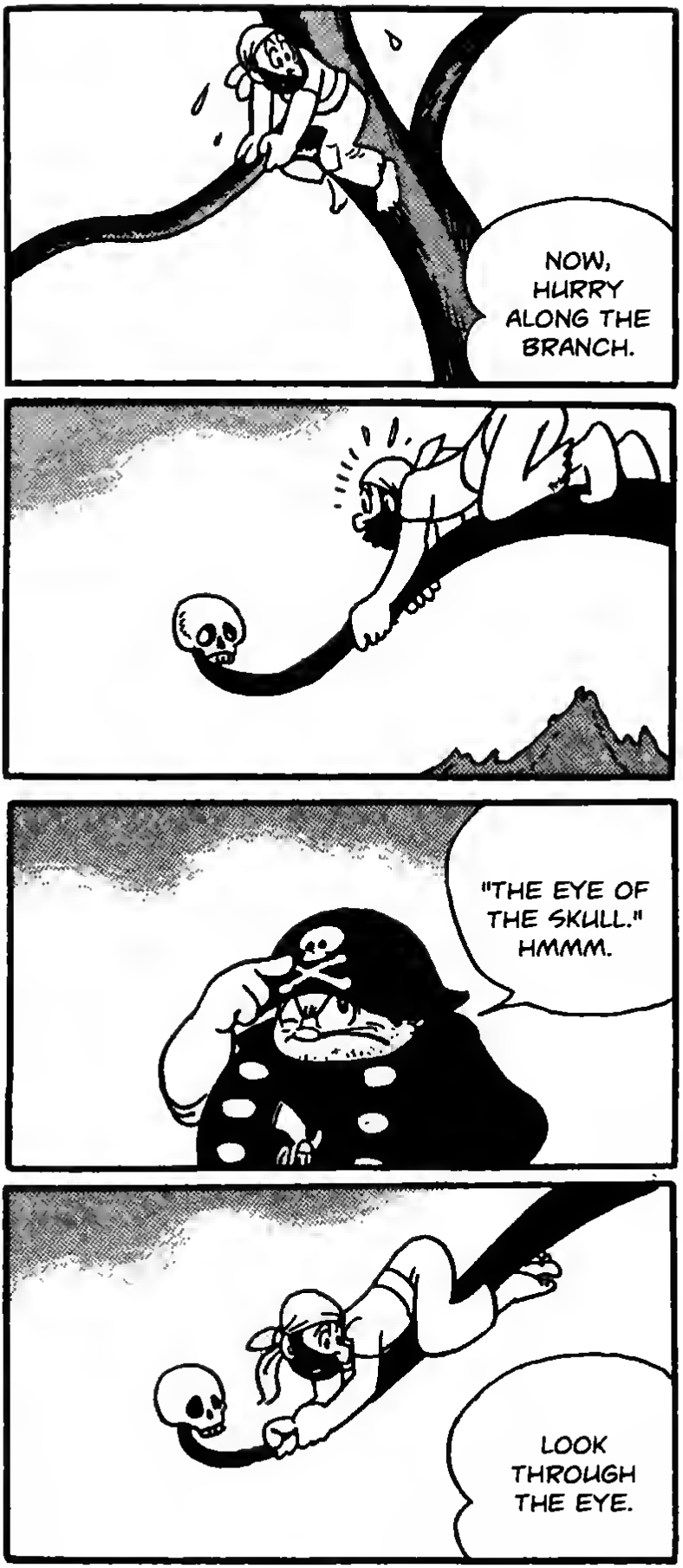

CEASE YER SQUAWKING AND CLIMB AT ONCE!
IT'S THAT AS WE GO WE'RE DRAGGING TWO FATSOS, THREE HUNDRED POUNDS EACH ONE. THEIR WEIGHT IS BRUTAL!
NOW SEE HERE, WHO WAS THE JACKANAPES THAT CALLED ME FAT!?

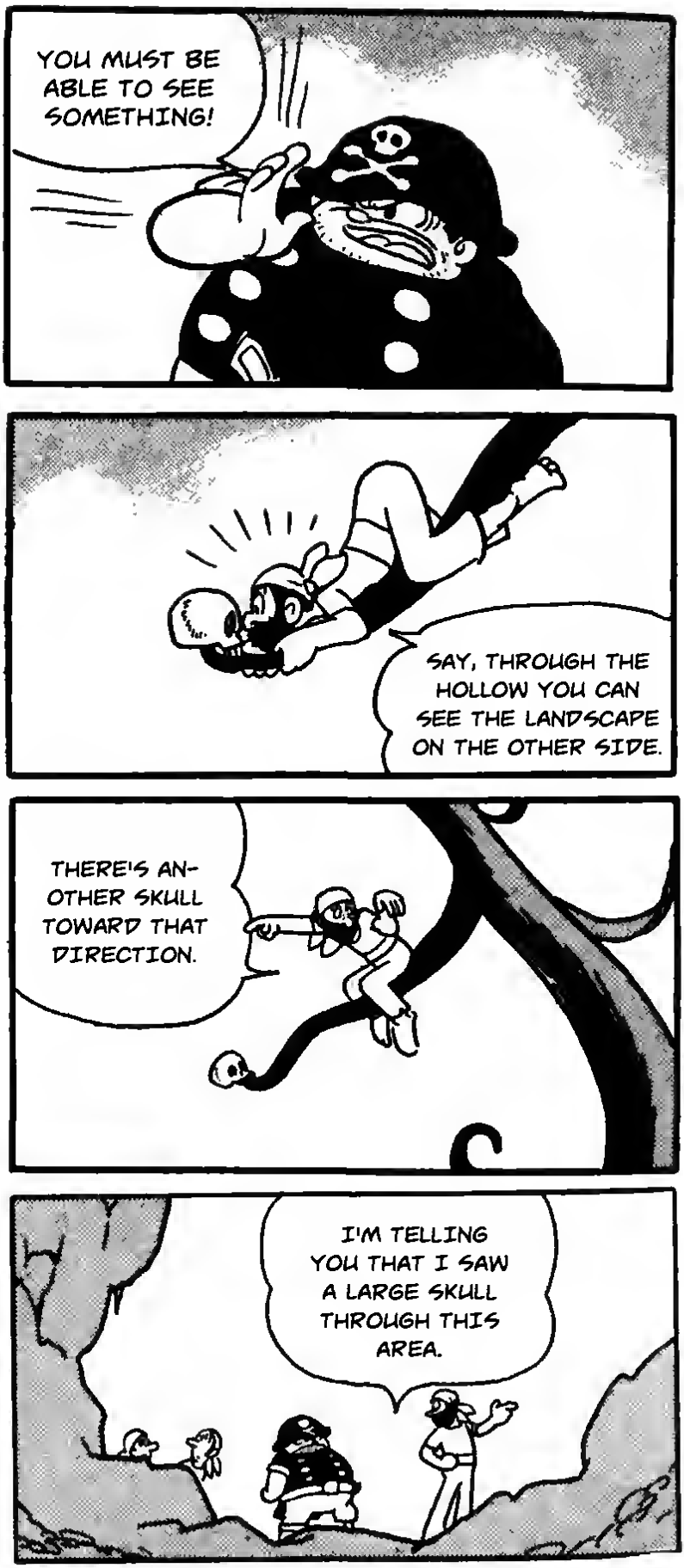



IT'LL SAVE ME THE TROUBLE IF HE FALLS AND KILLS HIMSELF. SEE YOU NEVER, CAPTAIN!
NO MATTER, THAT SCOUNDREL WAS LEFTOVER.
THAT'S FOR BEING FAT, SO THERE!
ARGH! BUT I WAS TALKING ABOUT THE OTHER GUY!

OOF.
COME ON, IT'S TIME TO WORK.
"IN THE EYE OF THE SKULL FROM THE TALL TREE TO THE SOUTH-SOUTHEAST OF THE LEFT SHOULDER OF THE LARGE EAGLE." HMM, THE TREE TO THE SOUTH-SOUTHEAST.
THERE MUST BE A TALL TREE IN THIS DIRECTION.


LOOK, CAPTAIN, THERE'S A SKULL HANGING UP THERE.
oh!
SOMEBODY, CLIMB THE TREE.
HIGHER!


NOW, HURRY ALONG THE BRANCH.
"THE EYE OF THE SKULL." HMMM.
LOOK THROUGH THE EYE.


YOU MUST BE ABLE TO SEE SOMETHING!
SAY, THROUGH THE HOLLOW YOU CAN SEE THE LANDSCAPE ON THE OTHER SIDE.
THERE'S ANOTHER SKULL TOWARD THAT DIRECTION.
I'M TELLING YOU THAT I SAW A LARGE SKULL THROUGH THIS AREA.

OF COURSE! I SWEAR IT'S TRUE!
SERIOUSLY?
WELL I DON'T SEE ANYTHING.
AYE!
SEARCH MORE THOROUGHLY.
IF YOU'VE SEEN IT, THEN IT MUST BE THERE.
IF HE WERE TO AT LEAST PAY US, THE SEARCH WOULD BE MORE ENJOYABLE.
DON'T SQUALL SO MUCH!!

AH! THERE IT IS.
HEY YOU MISCREANTS! THE SKULL'S OVER HERE!

HEH, HEH... THE TREA-SURE'S ABOUT TO BE MINE.

OH, VENERABLE ELDER, WE'VE HUNTED TWO QUARRIES.

AHA! AN ADORABLE BOY AND A DOG, HUH? A DELICACY WE'VE RARELY BEEN ABLE TO RELISH.
THESE GUYS ARE SO FRIGHTENING! WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY'RE PLANNING!?
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ガドガン ガドガン

ARE YOU READY NOW?
IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I'VE EATEN FRIED FOODS AND I'M CRAVING SOME.
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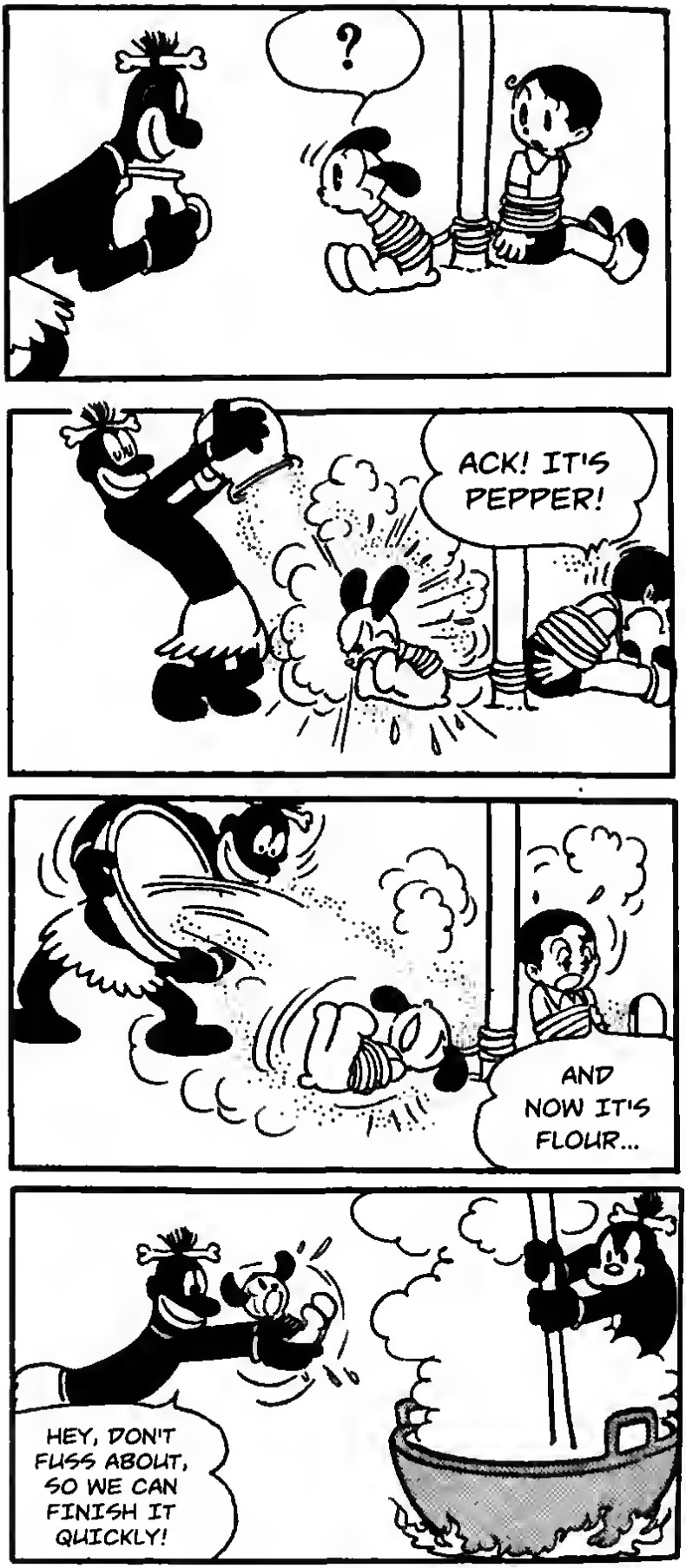
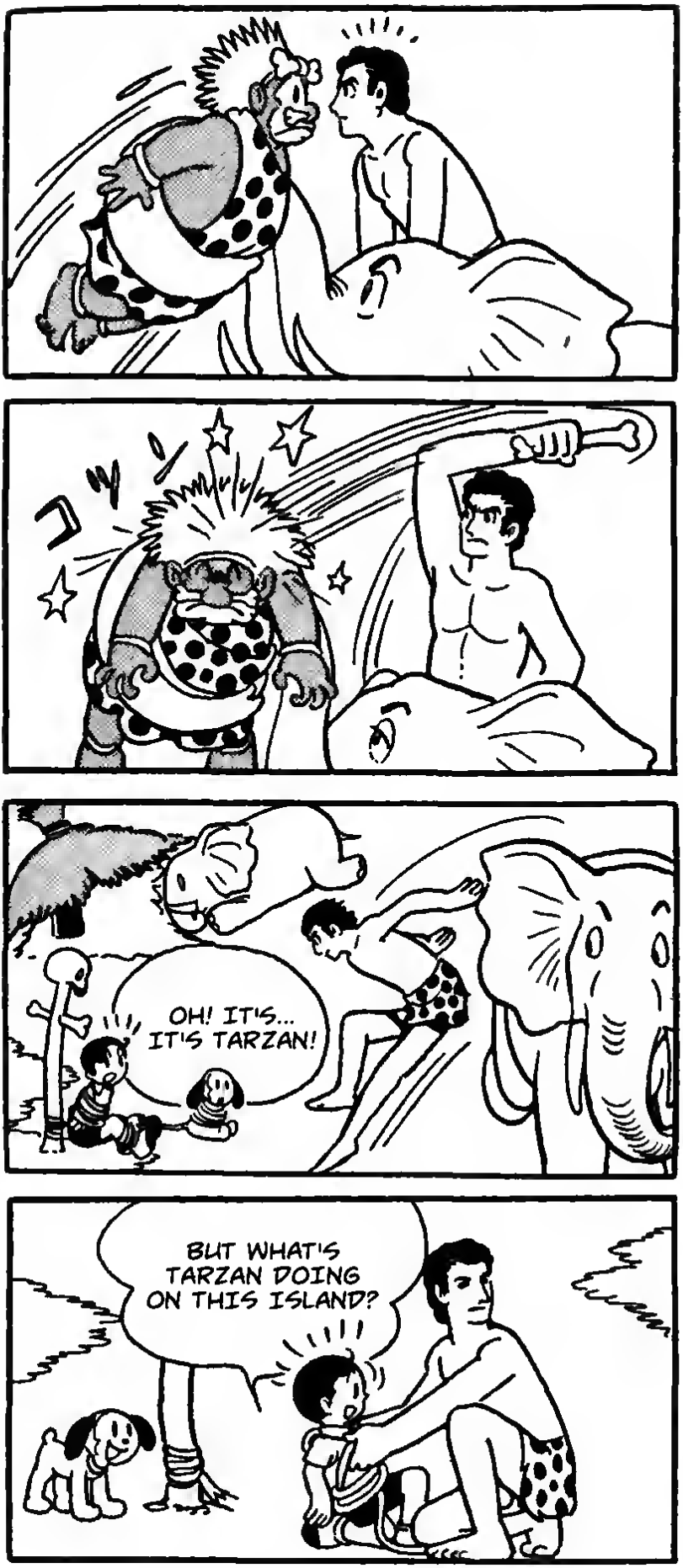
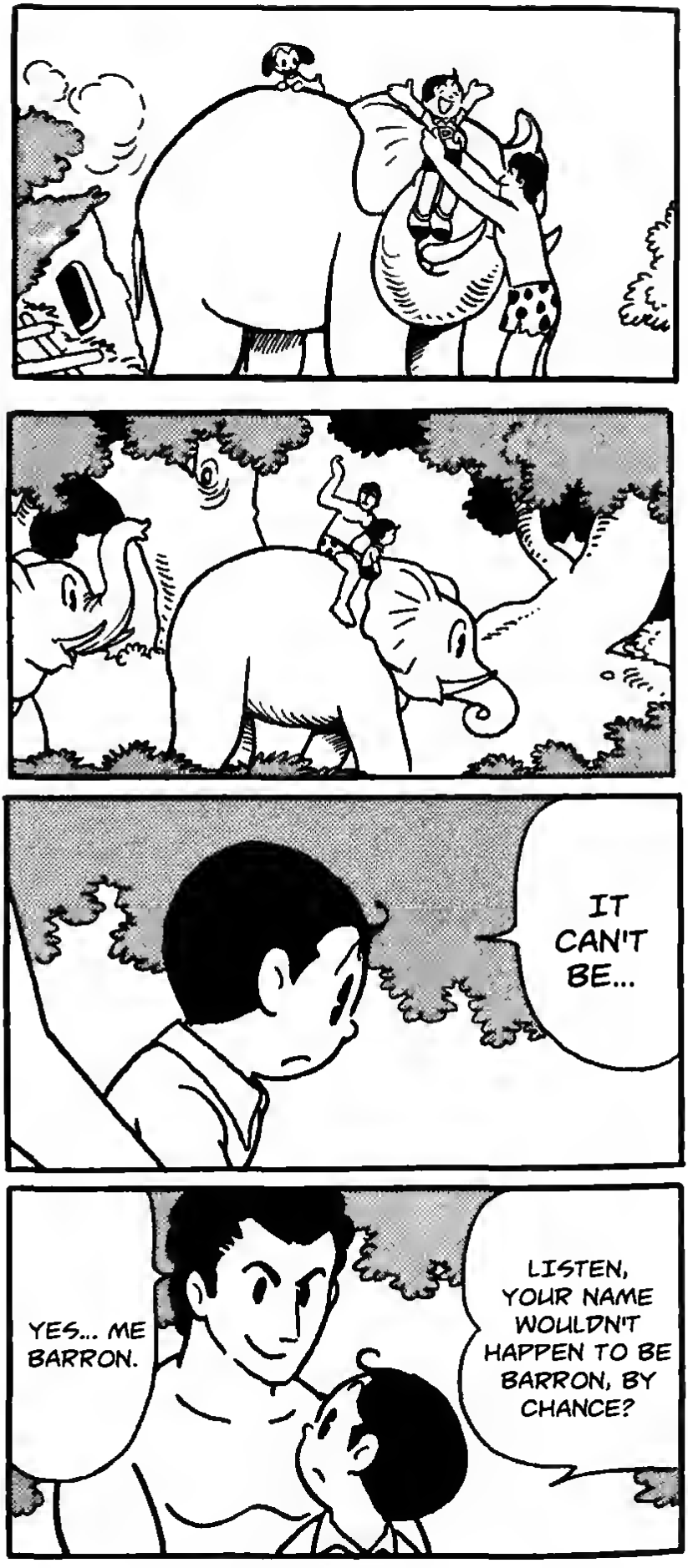
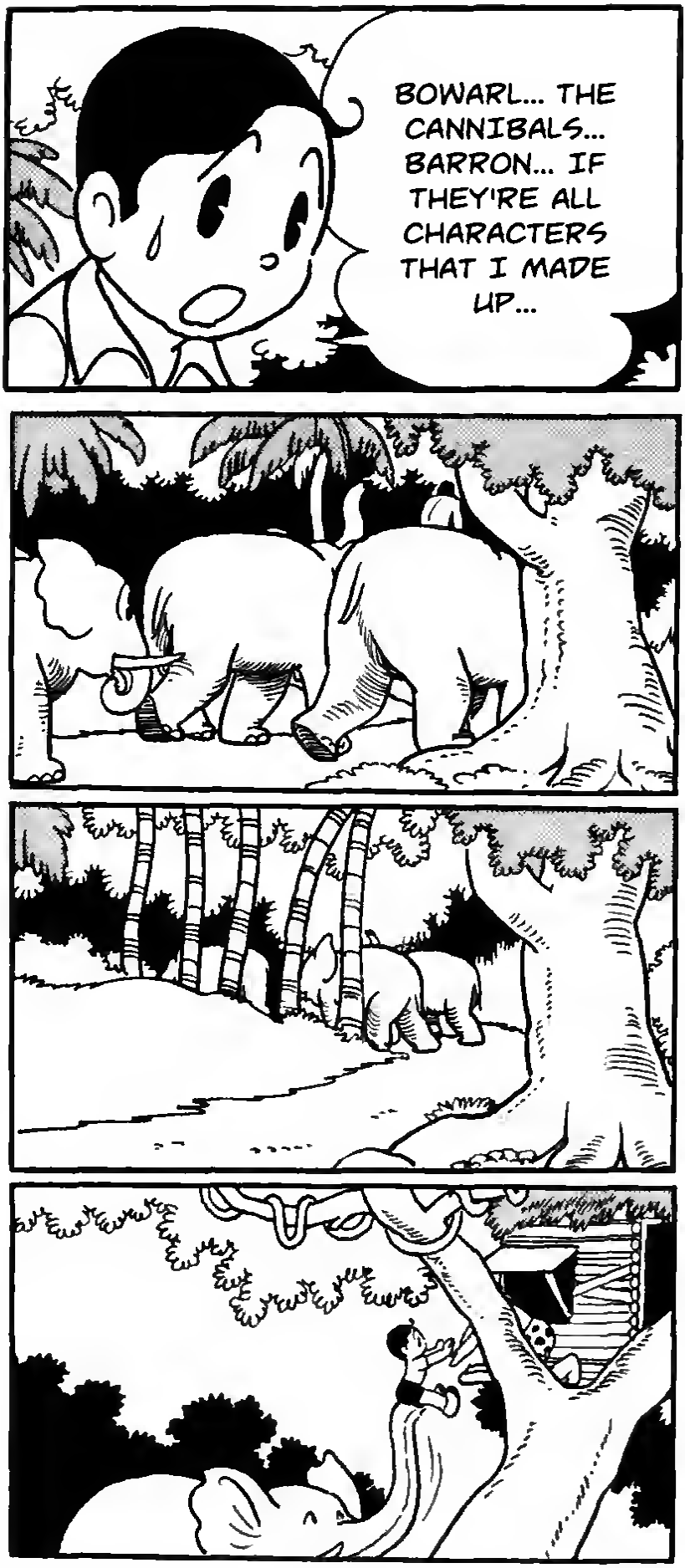
WAH...
PICK ME UP!


?
ACK! IT'S PEPPER!
AND NOW IT'S FLOUR...
HEY, DON'T FUSS ABOUT, SO WE CAN FINISH IT QUICKLY!

HEE, HEE...
WHIINE! ARF!

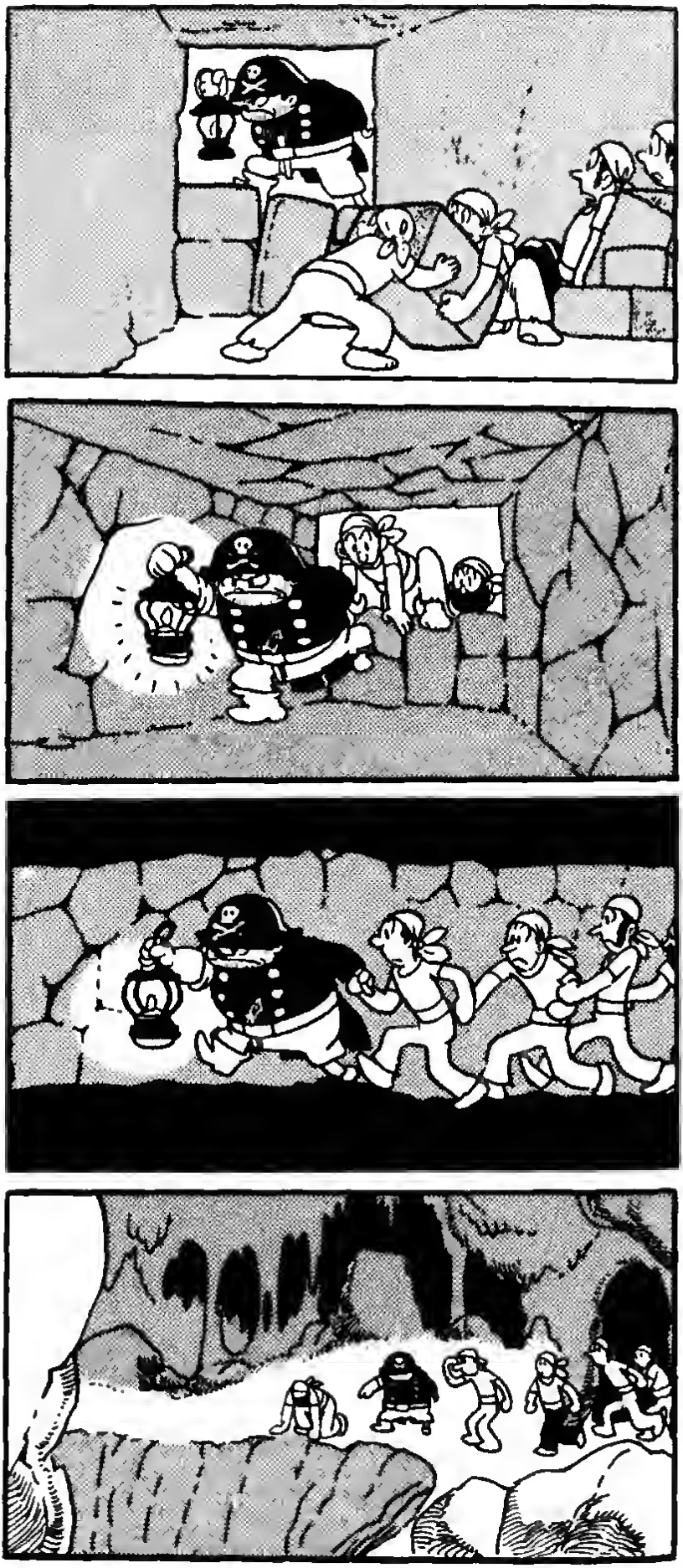

OH! IT'S... IT'S TARZAN!
BUT WHAT'S TARZAN DOING ON THIS ISLAND?

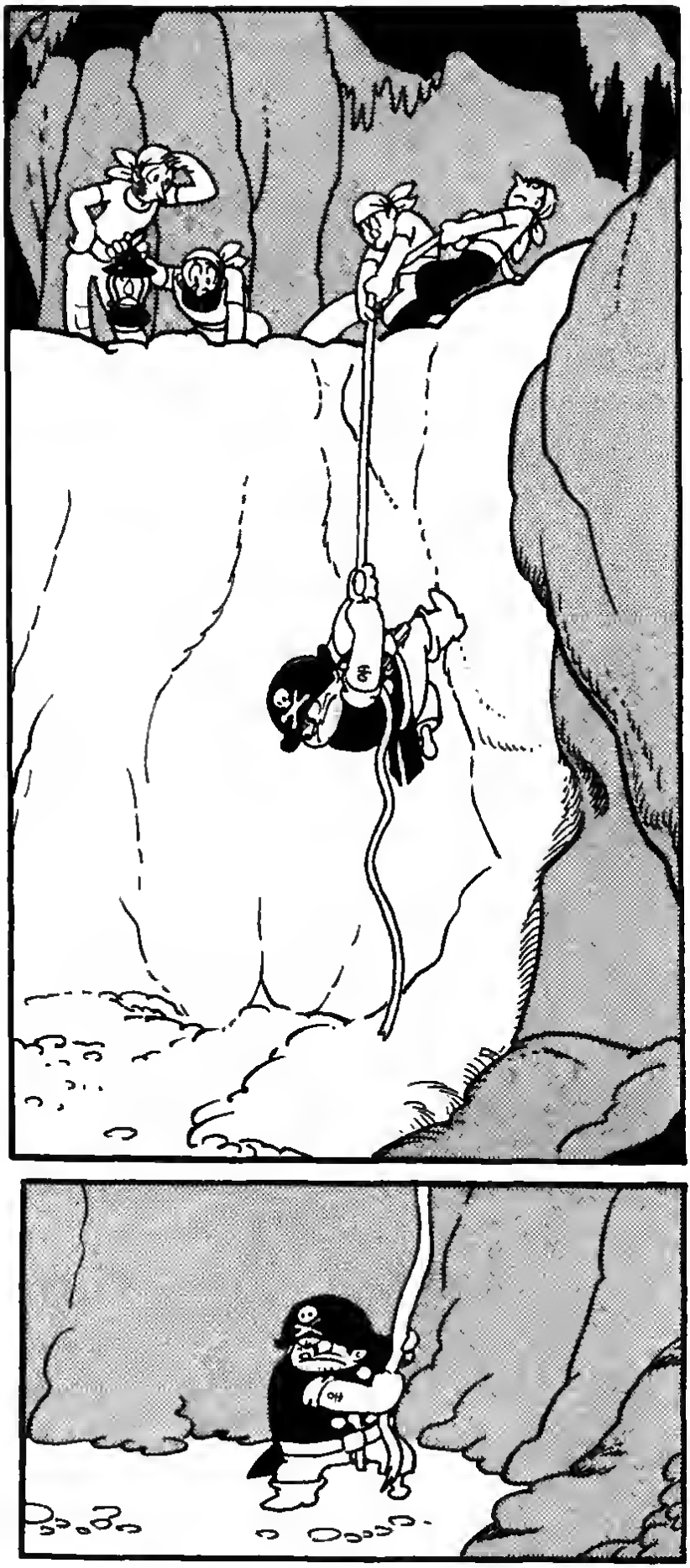

IT CAN'T BE...
LISTEN, YOUR NAME WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO BE BARRON, BY CHANCE?
YES... ME BARRON.

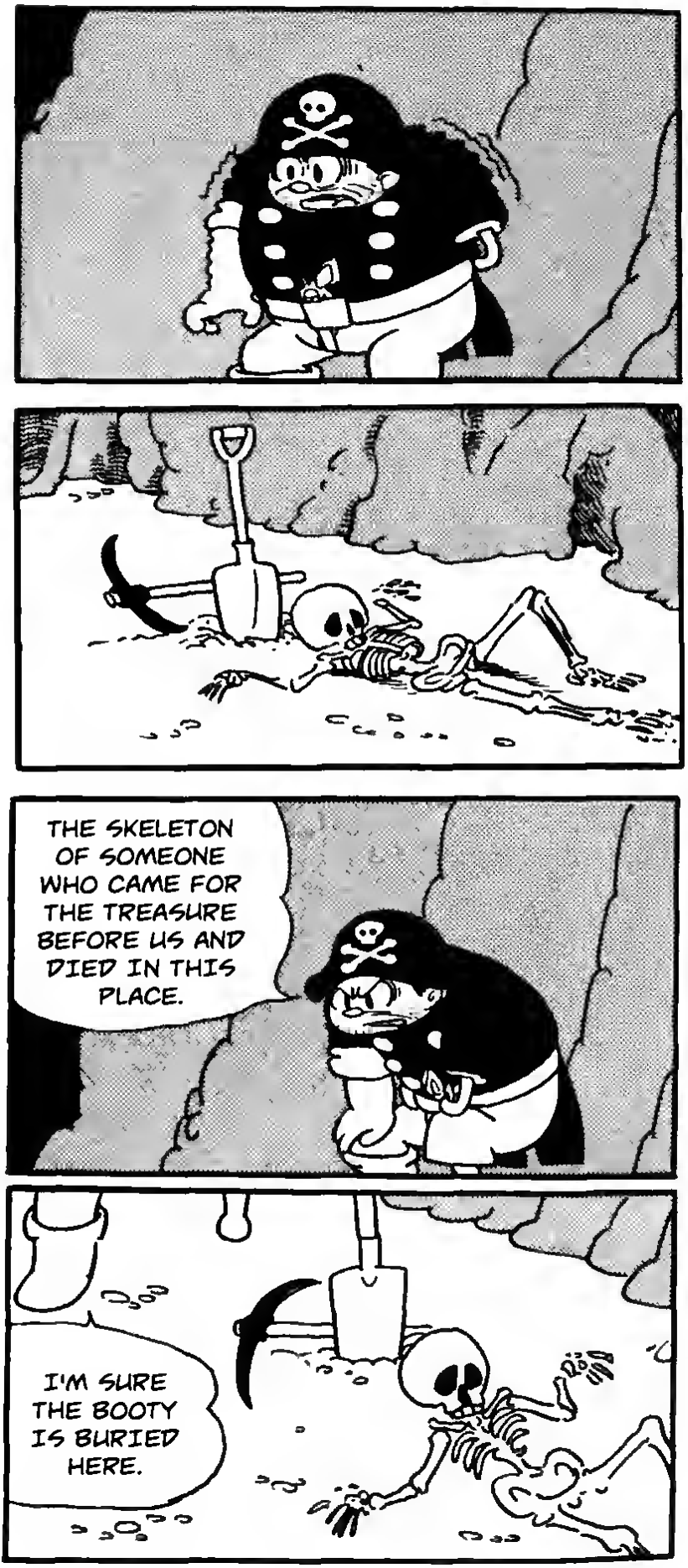

BOWARL... THE CANNIBALS... BARRON... IF THEY'RE ALL CHARACTERS THAT I MADE UP...

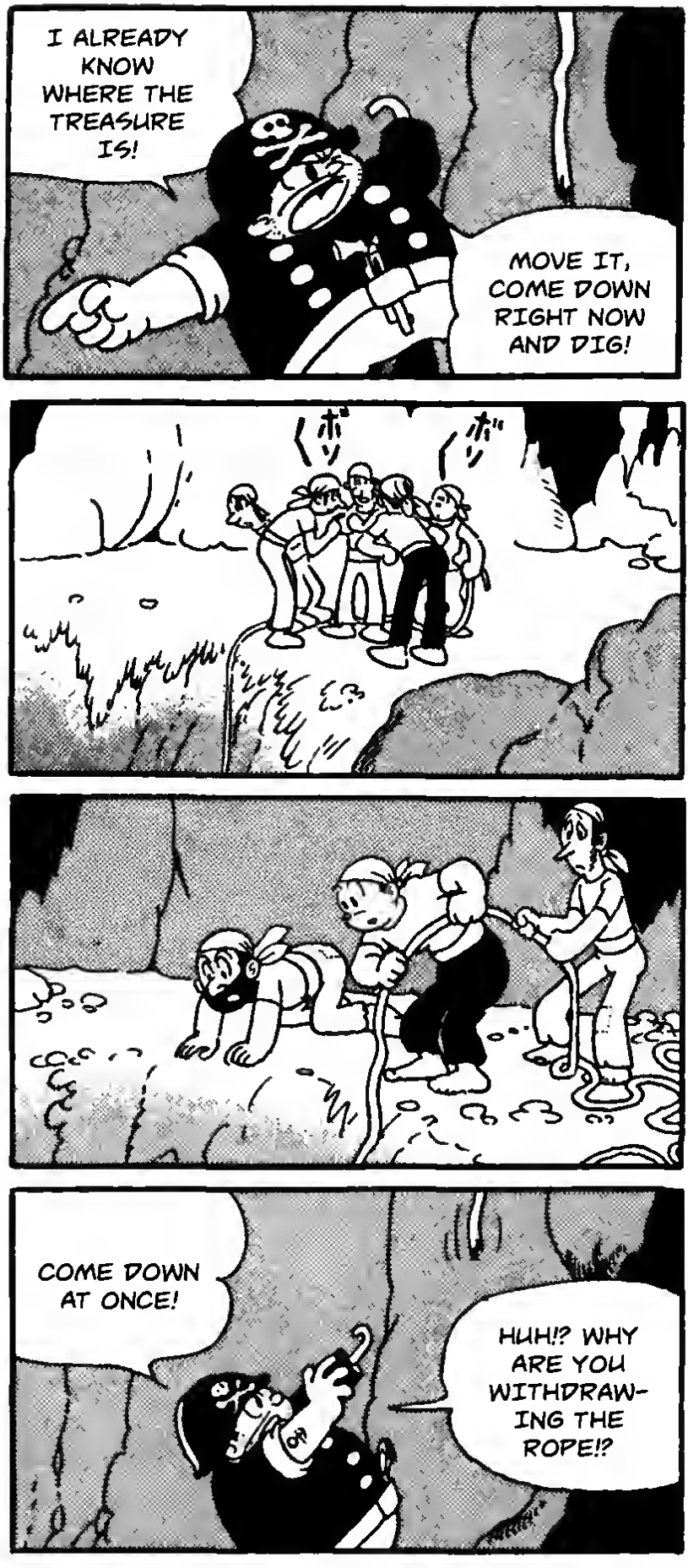
AH! CAPTAIN!
OOOH! PETE, YOU'RE SAFE? HE SAVED ME MYSELF WHEN, AFTER FALLING OFF THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN, I WAS LEFT ENMESHED IN SOME BRANCHES... THAT CHIVALROUS WHITE MAN IS NAMED BARRON.
AH, HIM. WELL NOW...
CAPTAIN... AND BOWARL?

HM... I CAN ALREADY SMELL THE TREASURE.
DAMN, THE PATH'S CUT OFF.






THE SKELETON OF SOMEONE WHO CAME FOR THE TREASURE BEFORE US AND DIED IN THIS PLACE.
I'M SURE THE BOOTY IS BURIED HERE.


I ALREADY KNOW WHERE THE TREASURE IS!
MOVE IT, COME DOWN RIGHT NOW AND DIG!
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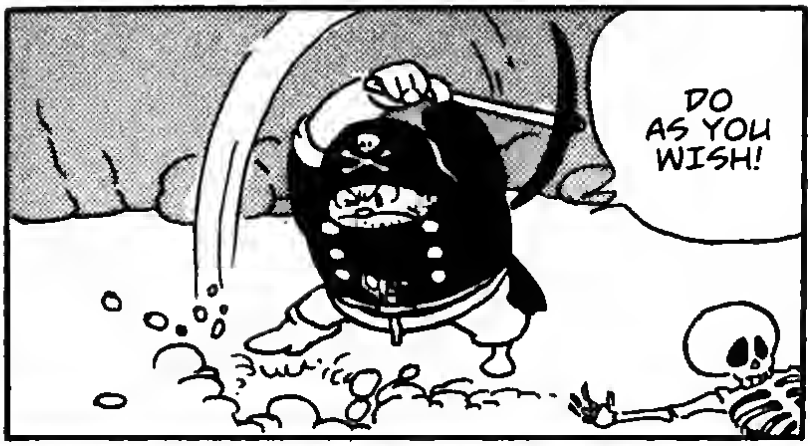
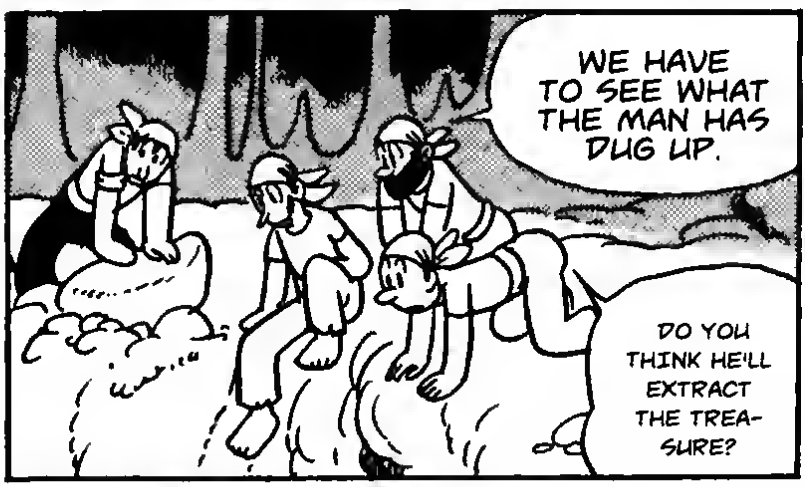
COME DOWN AT ONCE!
HUH!? WHY ARE YOU WITHDRAW-ING THE ROPE!?

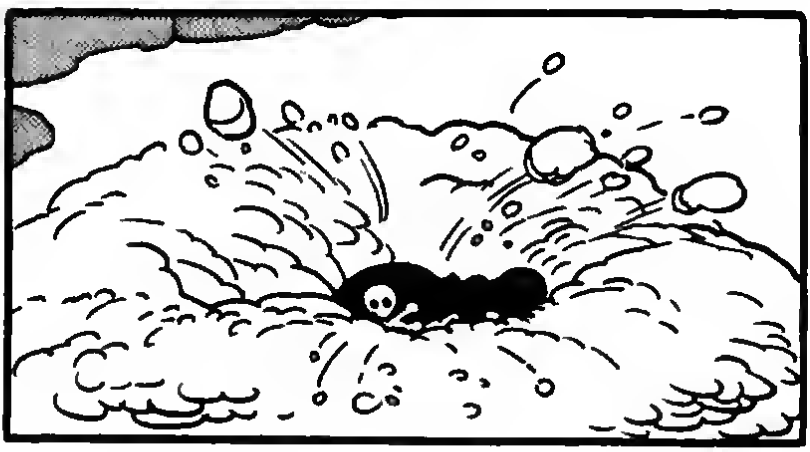
CAPTAIN, SORRY BUT WE WILL ABSTAIN FROM CLIMBING DOWN.
WH... WHAT DID YOU SAY!?
YOU'RE AIMING TO KEEP THE TREASURE ALL TO YOURSELF, WITHOUT SHARING IT WITH US. IT'S WRITTEN ALL OVER YOUR FACE!
GRRR...

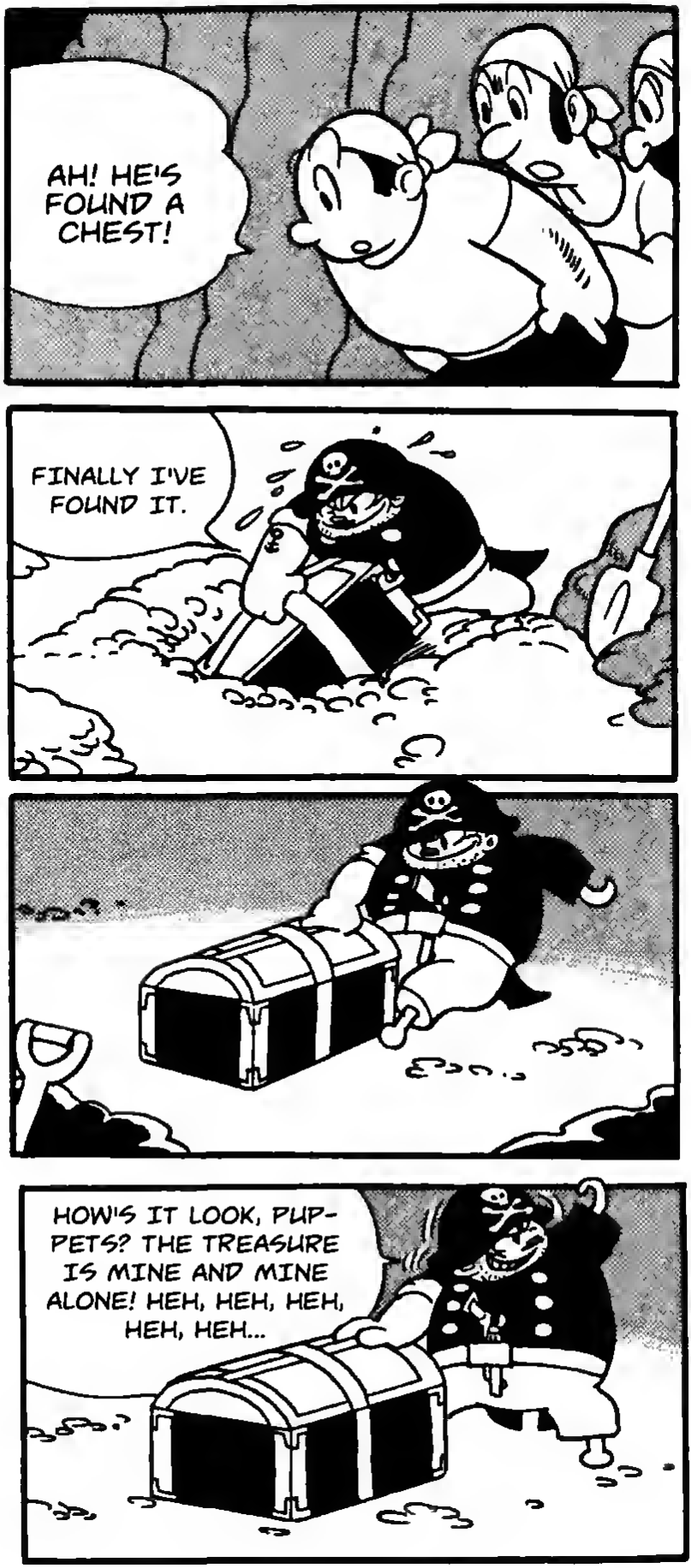
FOR THAT REASON WE'RE NOT GOING TO CLIMB DOWN. NOR WILL YOU BE ABLE TO CLIMB UP NOW THAT YOU DON'T HAVE THE ROPE.
VERY WELL, THEN I'LL GIVE YOU A THIRD OF THE BOOTY. COME ON, GET DOWN HERE!
A THIRD, YOU SAY? AH, NO!! WE'LL KEEP THE WHOLE THING, AND ON TOP OF THAT YOU'LL GIVE US THAT PISTOL YOU WEAR ON YOUR BELT.
WHAT!? YOU, KEEP IT ALL? WHO CAME UP WITH SUCH NONSENSE, DAMN IT!
I NO LONGER NEED YOU, SO THERE!

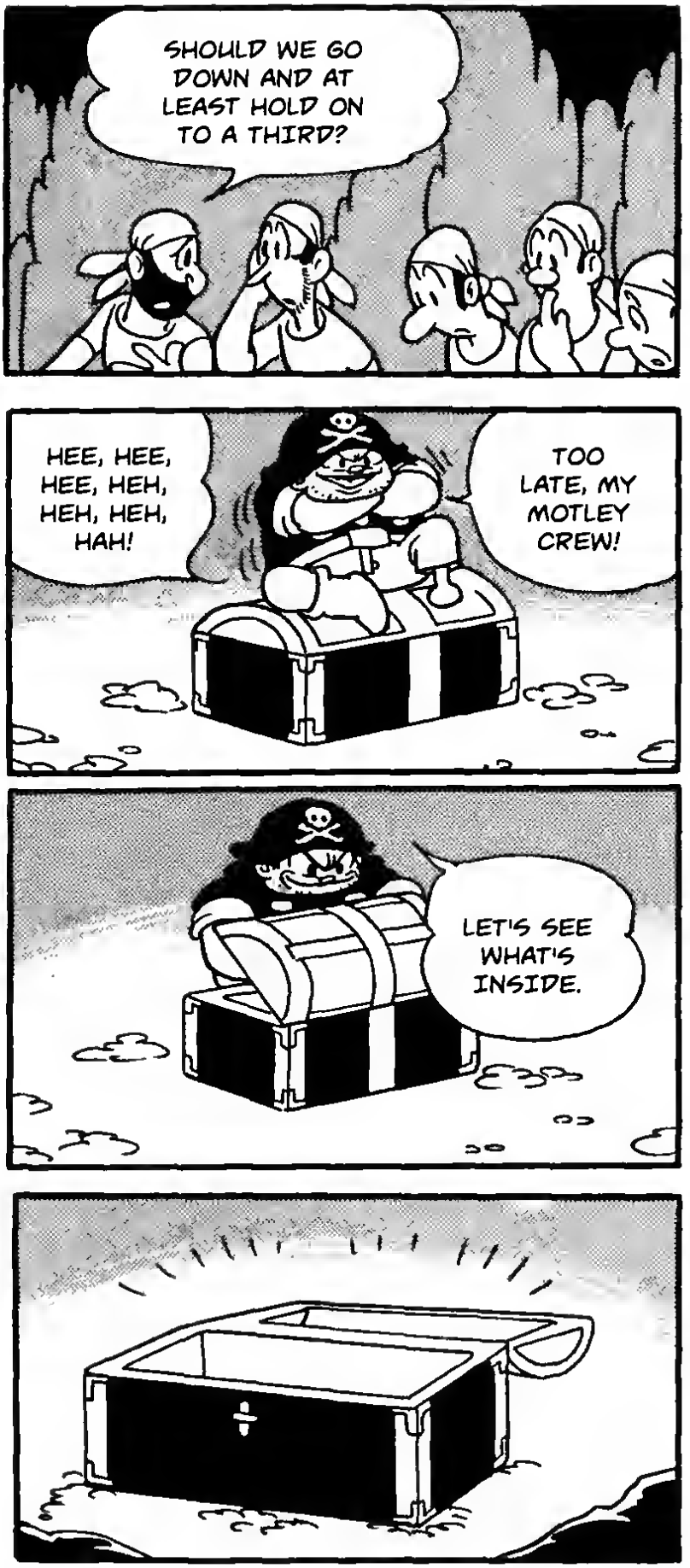
WELL EVEN IF YOU GET THE TREASURE, YOU'LL WIND UP DEAD AND KEEPING COMPANY WITH THE SKELETON. AND IT WILL SERVE YOU RIGHT!
SILENCE, YOU BILGE RATS! ALRIGHT, I'LL REMOVE THE TREA-SURE BY MYSELF!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LAY A FINGER ON EVEN ONE DOUBLOON FROM THE TREASURE! NOT OVER MY DEAD BODY!
THEN WE'RE GOING TO ENJOY THE SHOW.
HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!

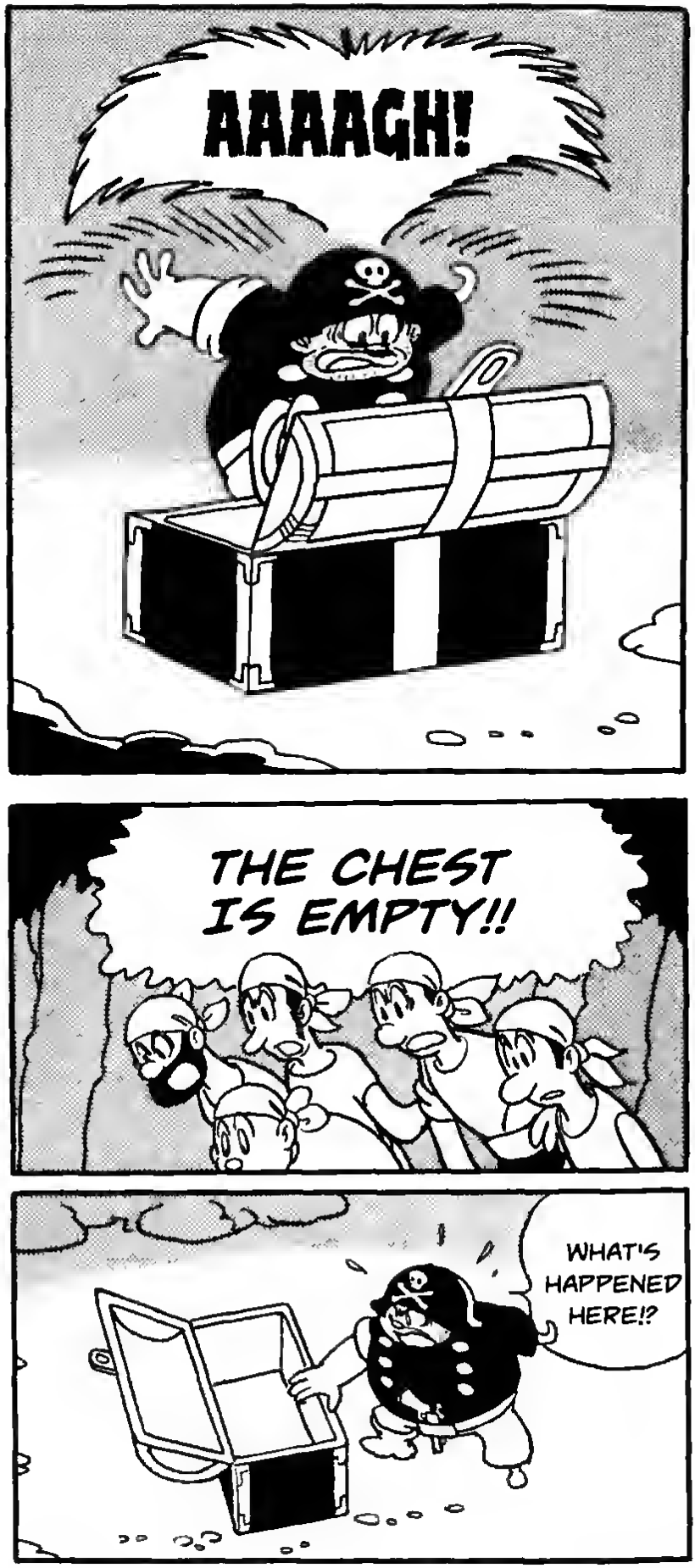

DO AS YOU WISH!

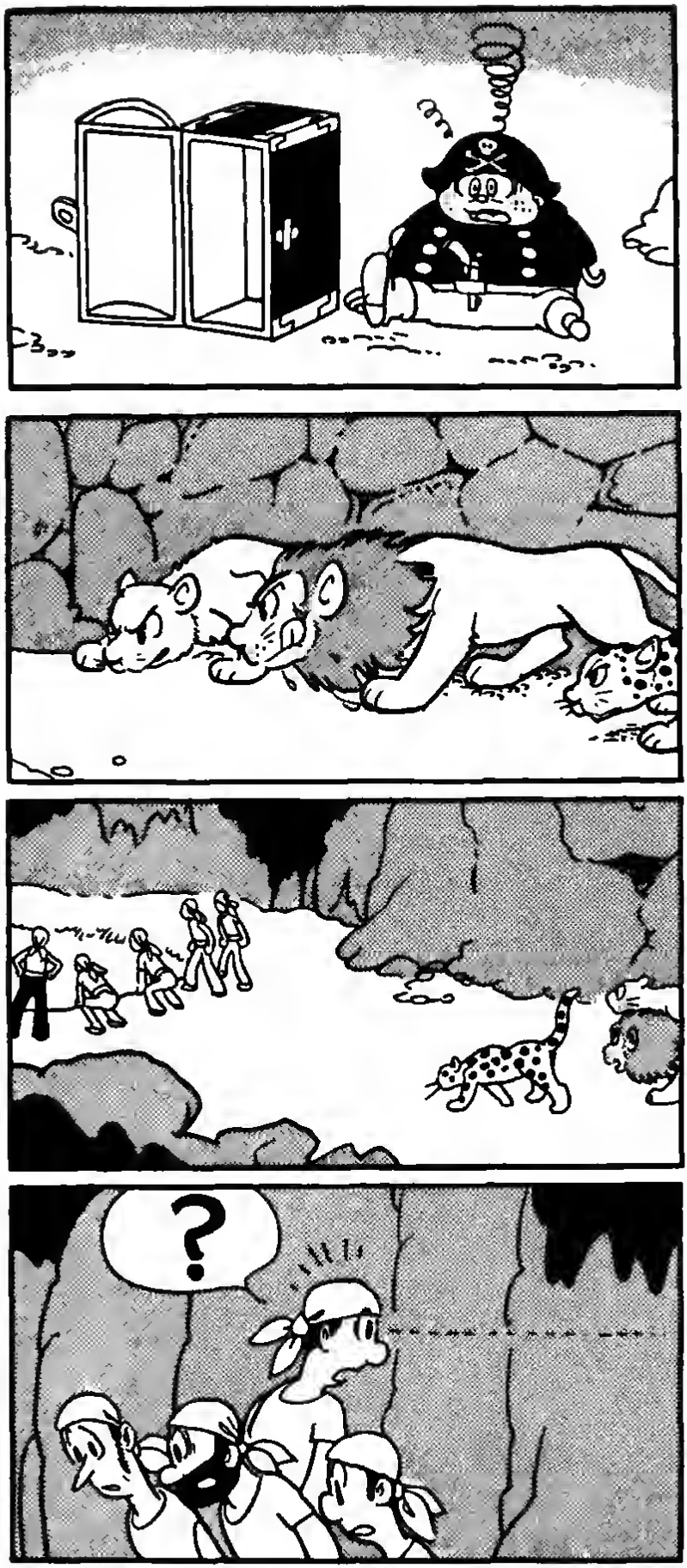

WE HAVE TO SEE WHAT THE MAN HAS DUG UP.
DO YOU THINK HE'LL EXTRACT THE TREA-SURE?

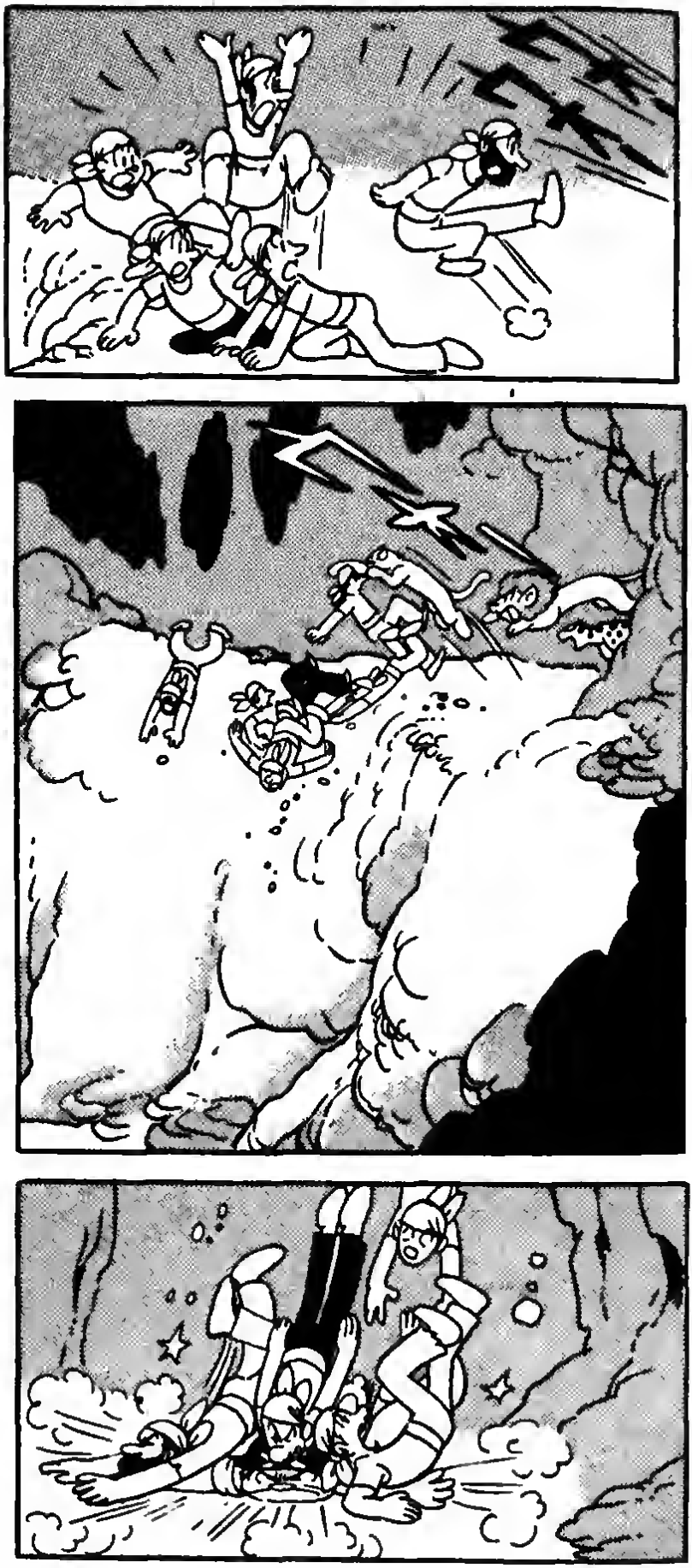


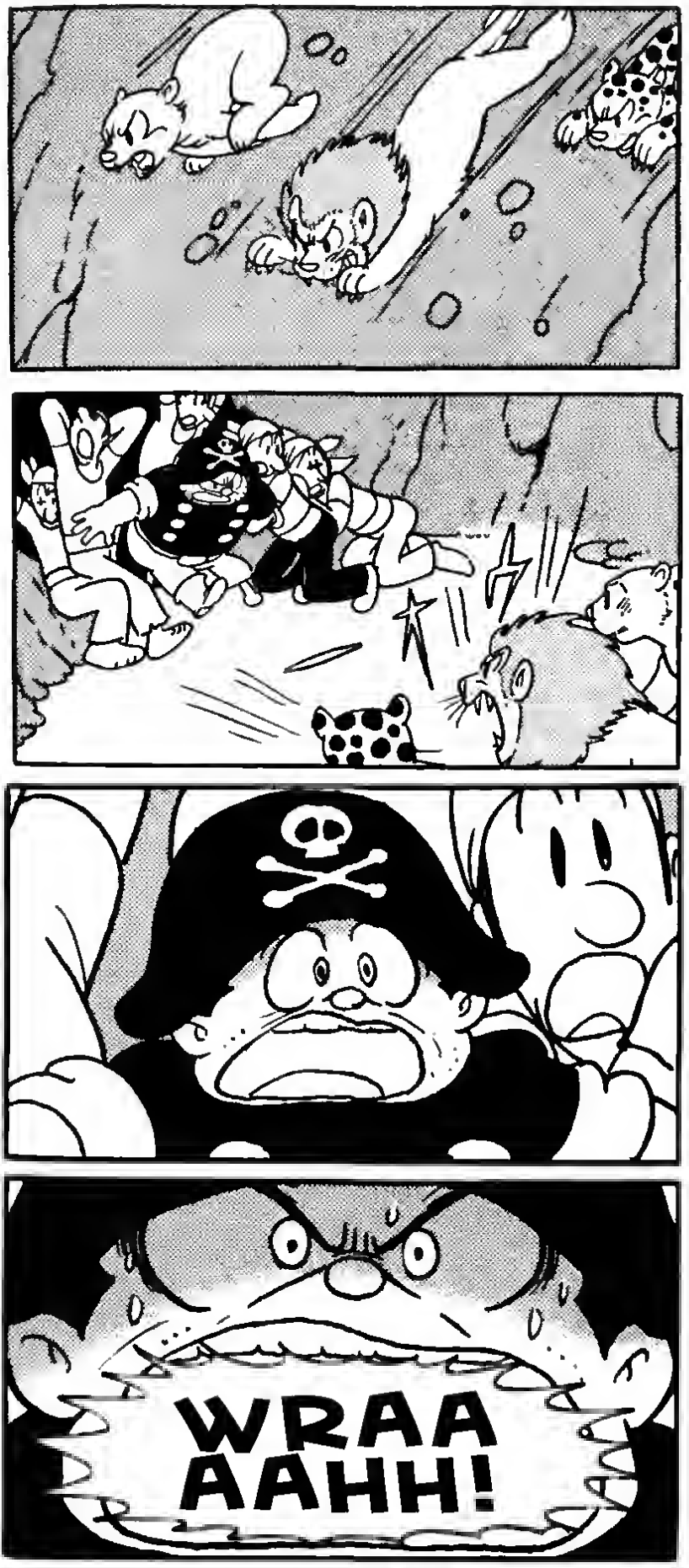

AH! HE'S FOUND A CHEST!
FINALLY I'VE FOUND IT.
HOW'S IT LOOK, PUP-PETS? THE TREASURE IS MINE AND MINE ALONE! HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH...


SHOULD WE GO DOWN AND AT LEAST HOLD ON TO A THIRD?
HEE, HEE, HEE, HEH, HEH, HEH, HAH!
TOO LATE, MY MOTLEY CREW!
LET'S SEE WHAT'S INSIDE.

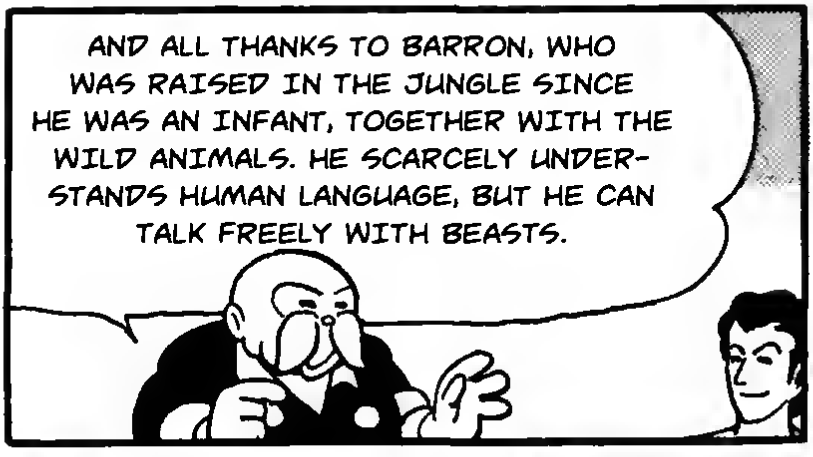

AAAAGH!
THE CHEST IS EMPTY!!
WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE!?

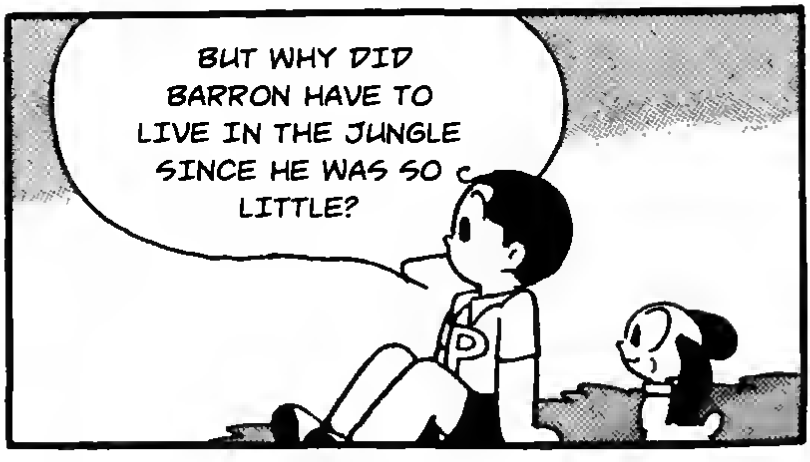


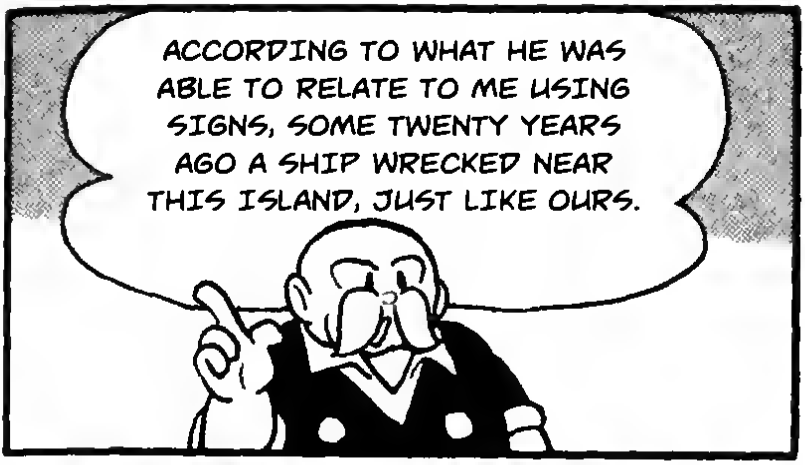


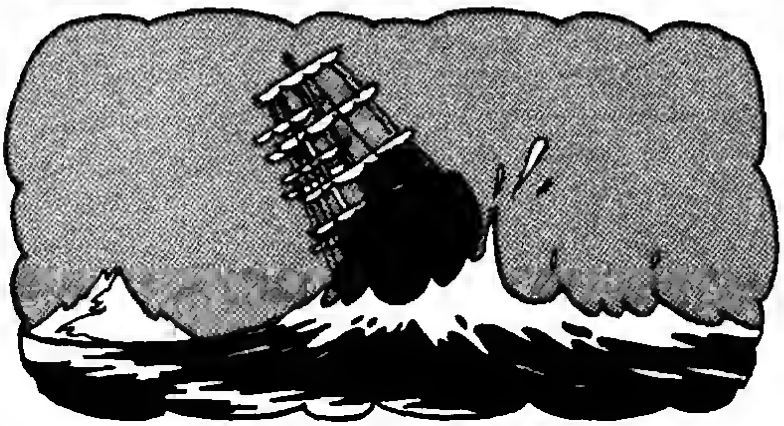

WRAA
AAHH!

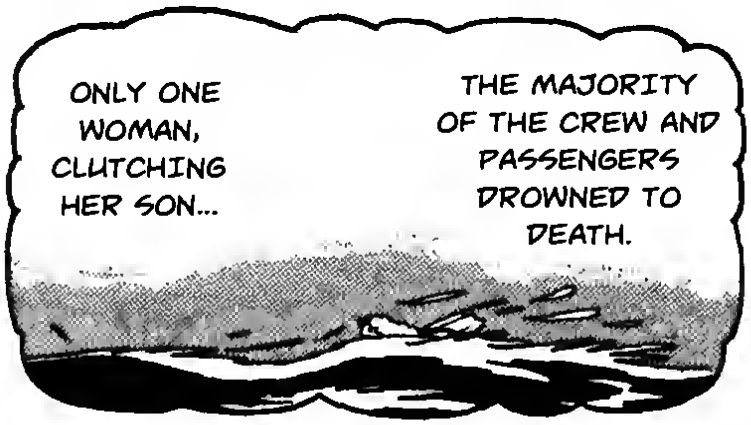
I GUESS THAT BY NOW THE PIRATES ARE PROBABLY FODDER FOR THE WILD BEASTS. THEY DESERVE IT FOR THE MISDEEDS THEY'VE CARRIED OUT.


AND ALL THANKS TO BARRON, WHO WAS RAISED IN THE JUNGLE SINCE HE WAS AN INFANT, TOGETHER WITH THE WILD ANIMALS. HE SCARCELY UNDERSTANDS HUMAN LANGUAGE, BUT HE CAN TALK FREELY WITH BEASTS.

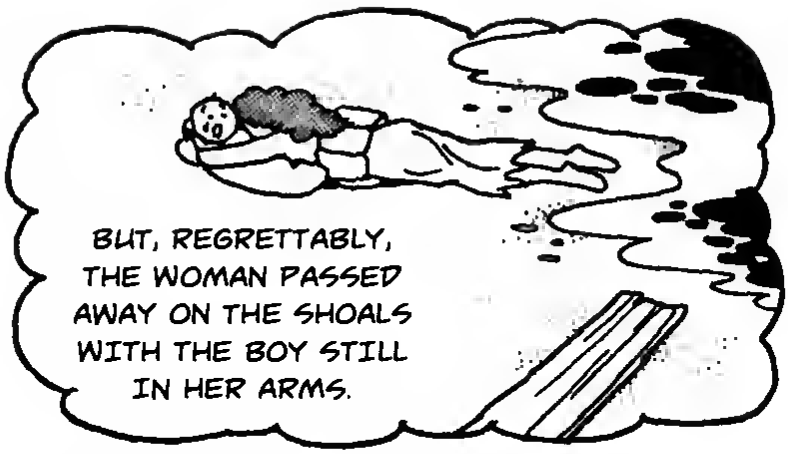

BUT WHY DID BARRON HAVE TO LIVE IN THE JUNGLE SINCE HE WAS SO LITTLE?

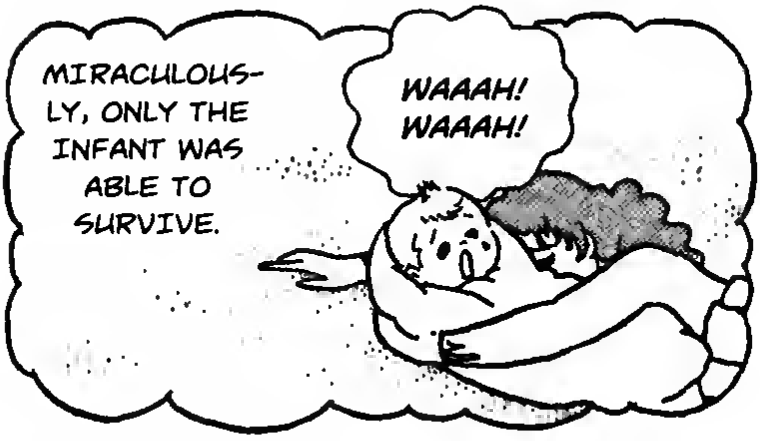

ACCORDING TO WHAT HE WAS ABLE TO RELATE TO ME USING SIGNS, SOME TWENTY YEARS AGO A SHIP WRECKED NEAR THIS ISLAND, JUST LIKE OURS.



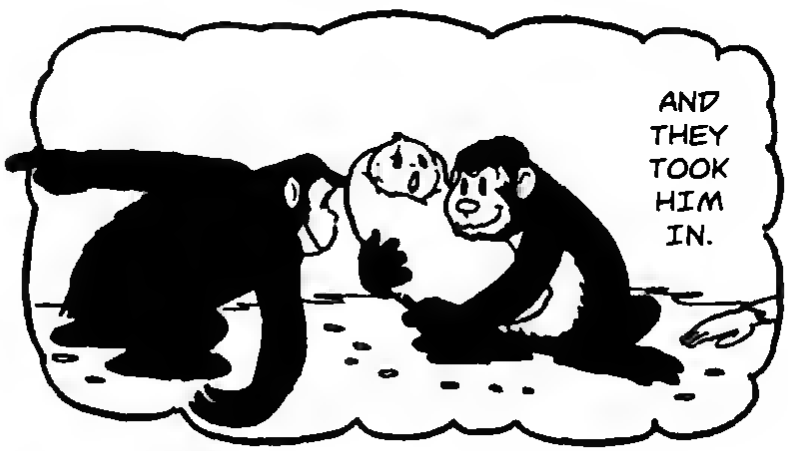

ONLY ONE WOMAN, CLUTCHING HER SON...
THE MAJORITY OF THE CREW AND PASSENGERS DROWNED TO DEATH.

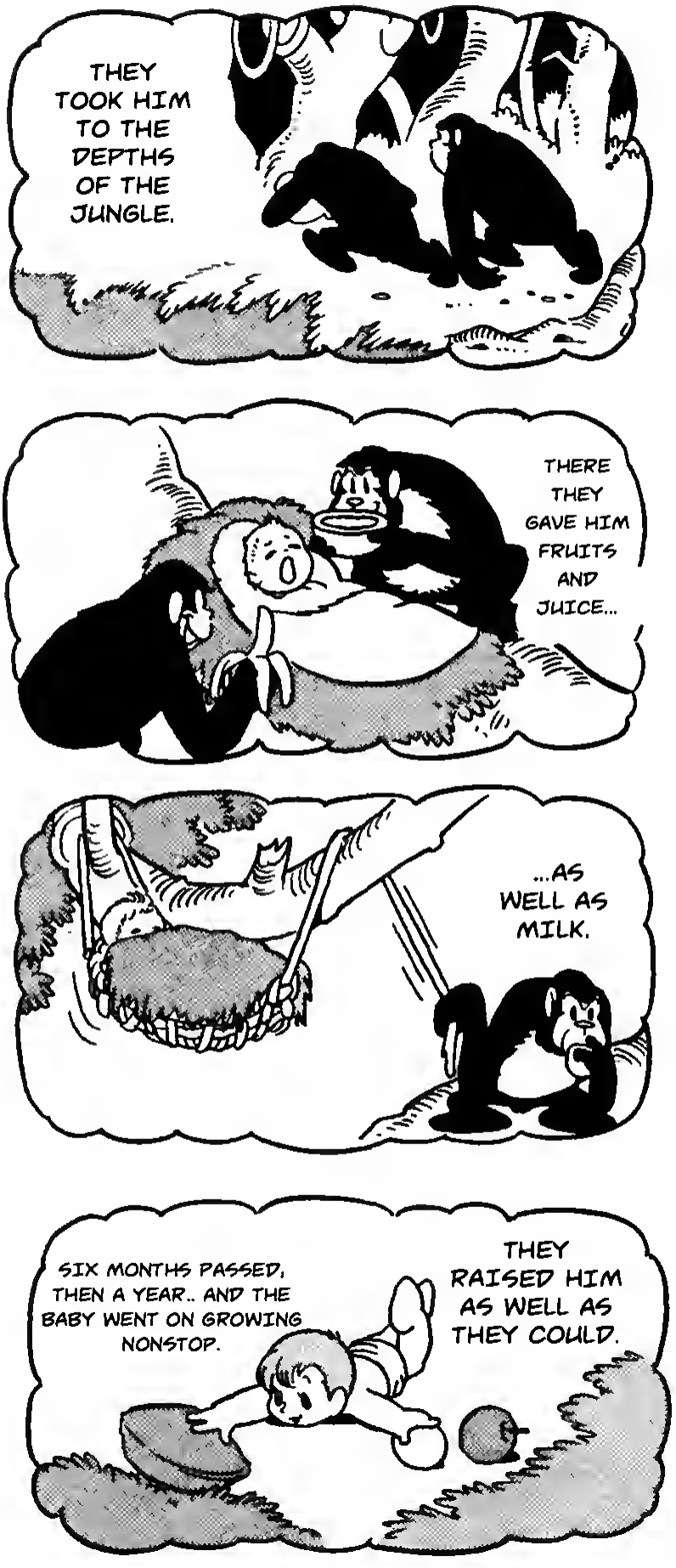
...WAS ABLE TO REACH THESE SHORES.

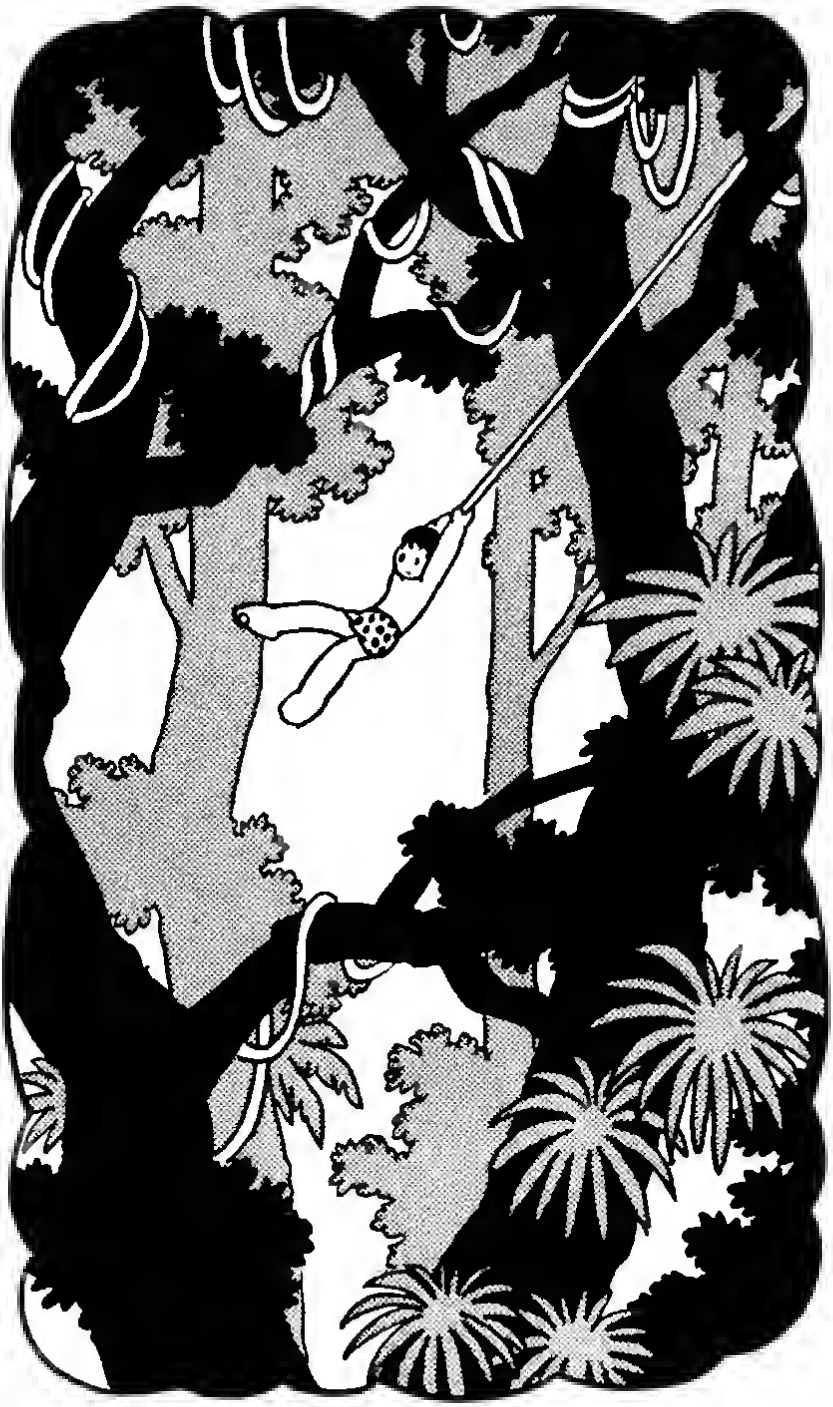

BUT, REGRETTABLY, THE WOMAN PASSED AWAY ON THE SHOALS WITH THE BOY STILL IN HER ARMS.

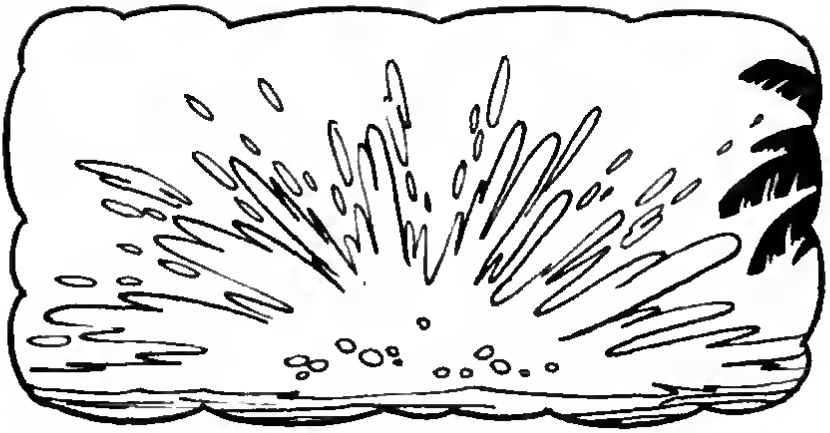

MIRACULOUSLY, ONLY THE INFANT WAS ABLE TO SURVIVE.
WAAAH! WAAAH!

?
TWO CHIMPANZEES, BECKONED BY HIS CRIES, DREW NEAR TO SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING...

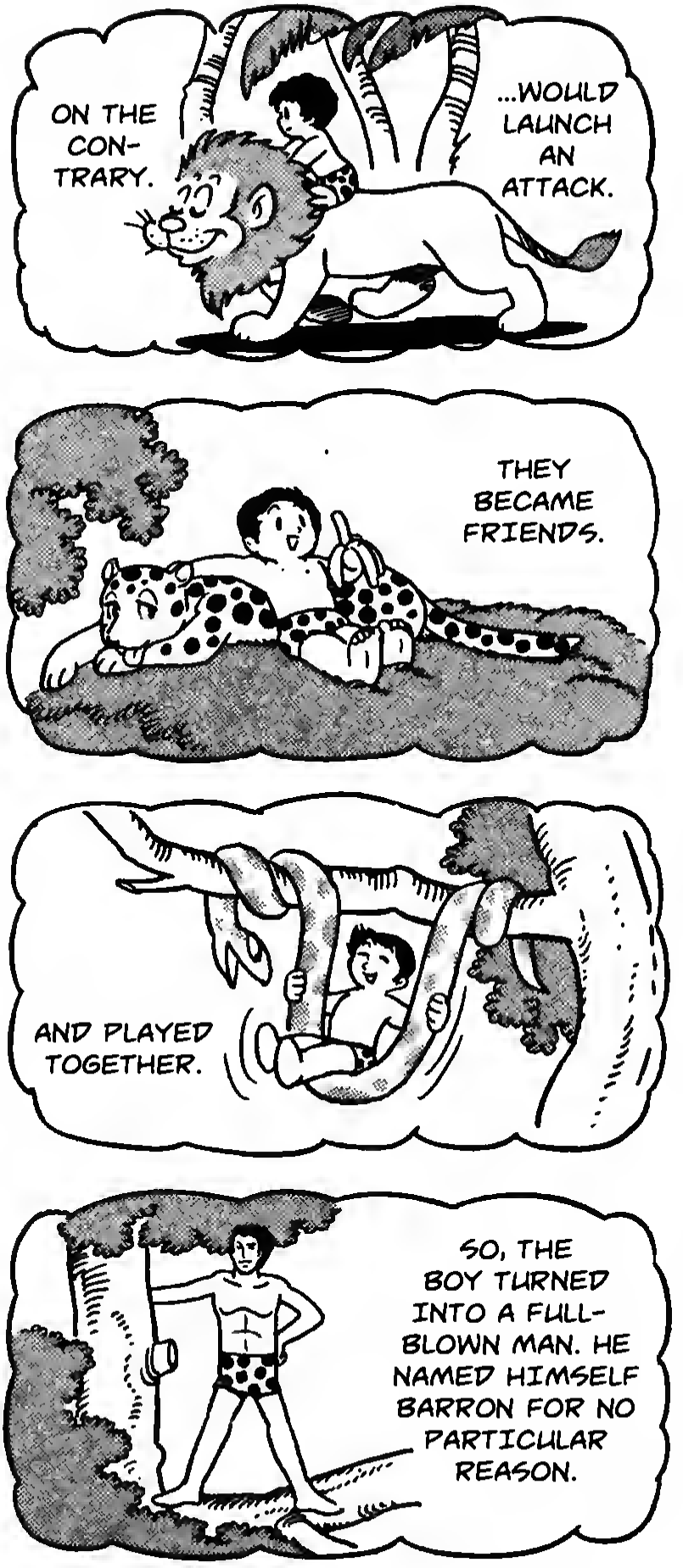

AND THEY TOOK HIM IN.

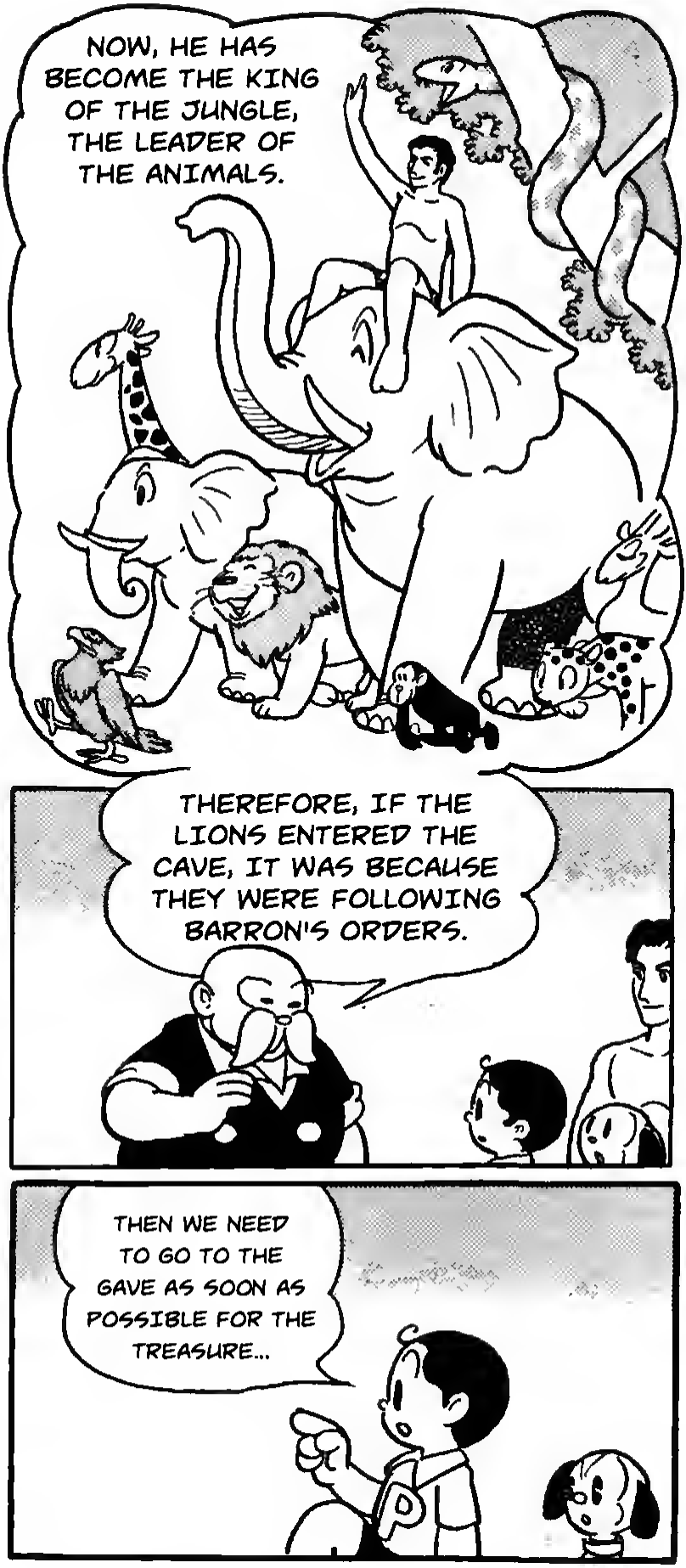

THEY TOOK HIM TO THE DEPTHS OF THE JUNGLE.
THERE THEY GAVE HIM FRUITS AND JUICE...
...AS WELL AS MILK.
SIX MONTHS PASSED, THEN A YEAR.. AND THE BABY WENT ON GROWING NONSTOP.
THEY RAISED HIM AS WELL AS THEY COULD.

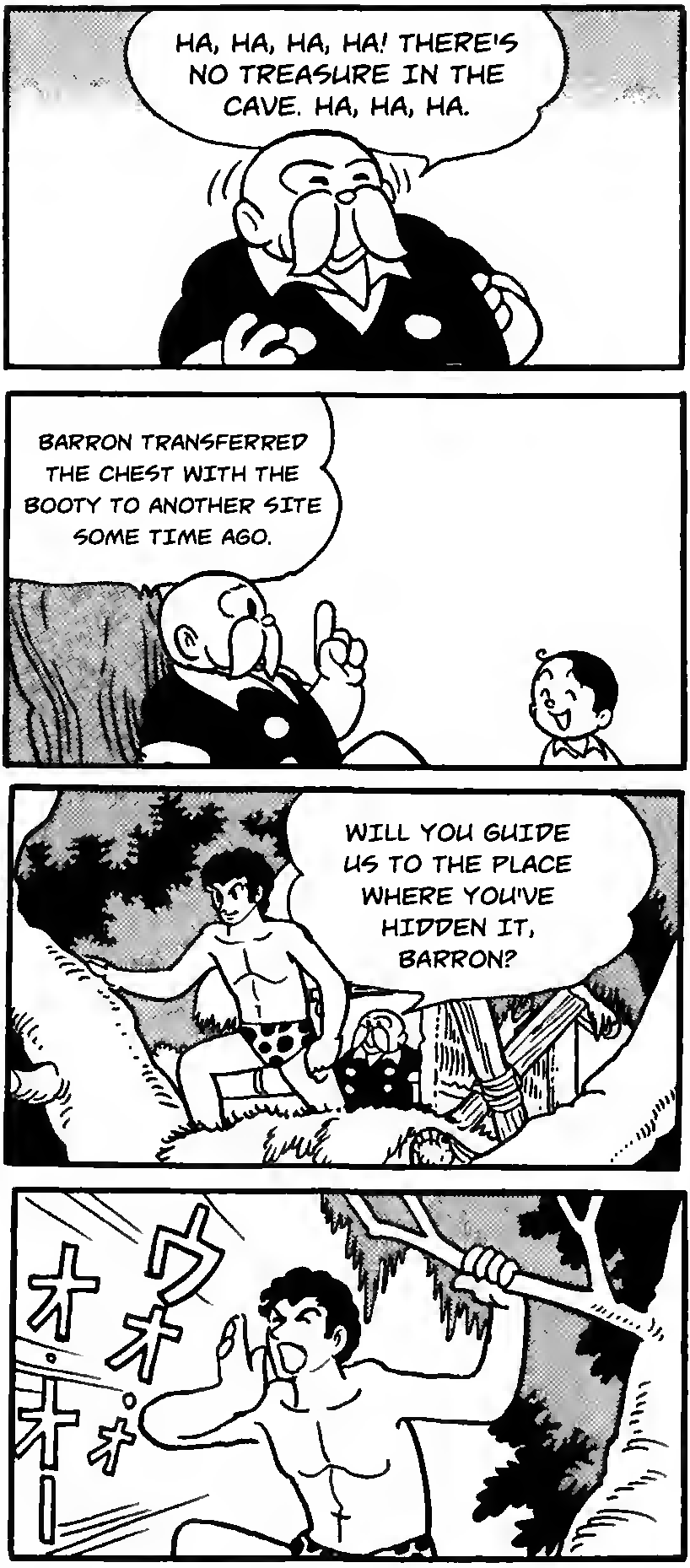




...I READ IT IN A BOOK. THIS IS VERY WEIRD!
SAY, IF THIS HAPPENED TO HIM EXACTLY THE SAME AS IT DID TO TARZAN...
TOWARD THAT BOY, THAT WAS RAISED AMONG THE ANIMALS, NOT EVEN THE LIONS, NOR THE CHEETAHS...


ON THE CON-TRARY.
...WOULD LAUNCH AN ATTACK.
THEY BECAME FRIENDS.
AND PLAYED TOGETHER.
SO, THE BOY TURNED INTO A FULL-BLOWN MAN. HE NAMED HIMSELF BARRON FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON.


NOW, HE HAS BECOME THE KING OF THE JUNGLE, THE LEADER OF THE ANIMALS.
THEREFORE, IF THE LIONS ENTERED THE CAVE, IT WAS BECAUSE THEY WERE FOLLOWING BARRON'S ORDERS.
THEN WE NEED TO GO TO THE GAVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE FOR THE TREASURE...


HA, HA, HA, HA! THERE'S NO TREASURE IN THE CAVE. HA, HA, HA.
BARRON TRANSFERRED THE CHEST WITH THE BOOTY TO ANOTHER SITE SOME TIME AGO.
WILL YOU GUIDE US TO THE PLACE WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN IT, BARRON?
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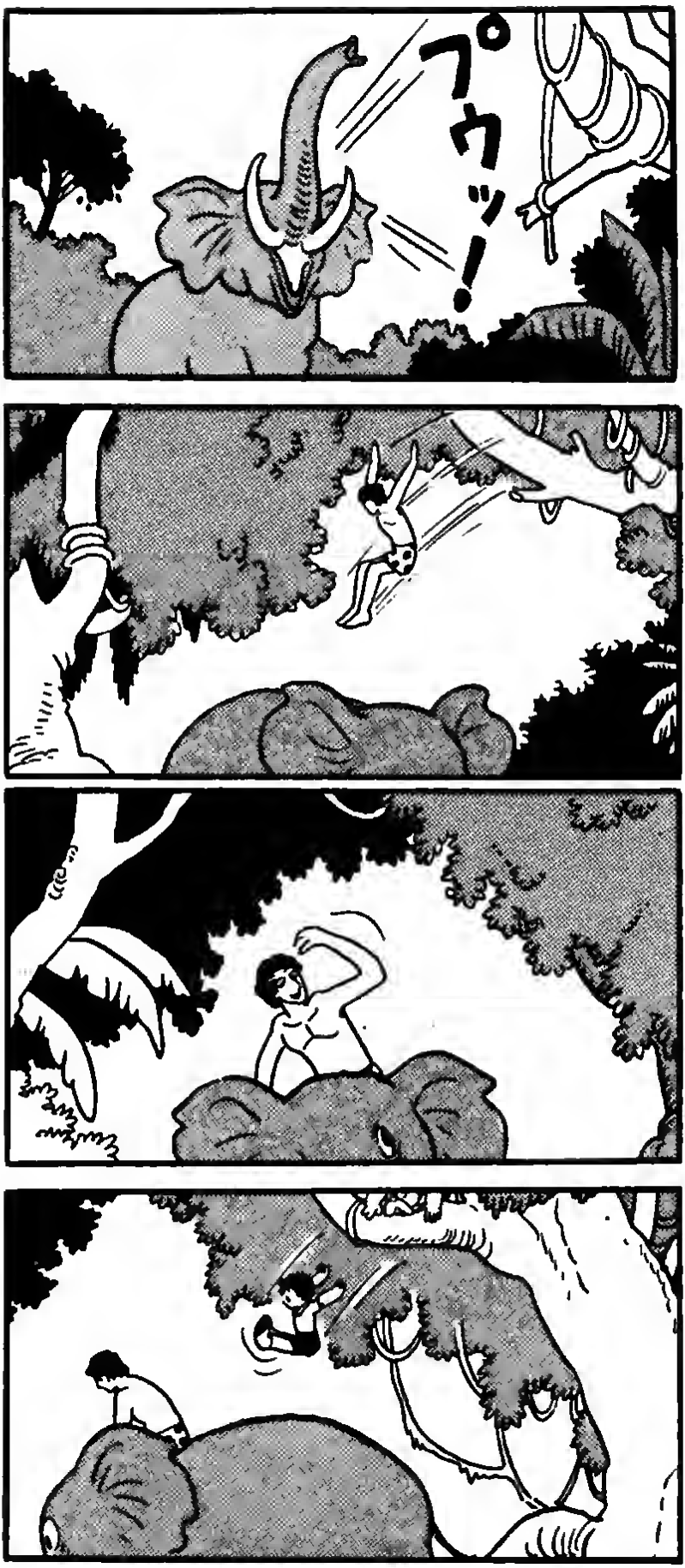
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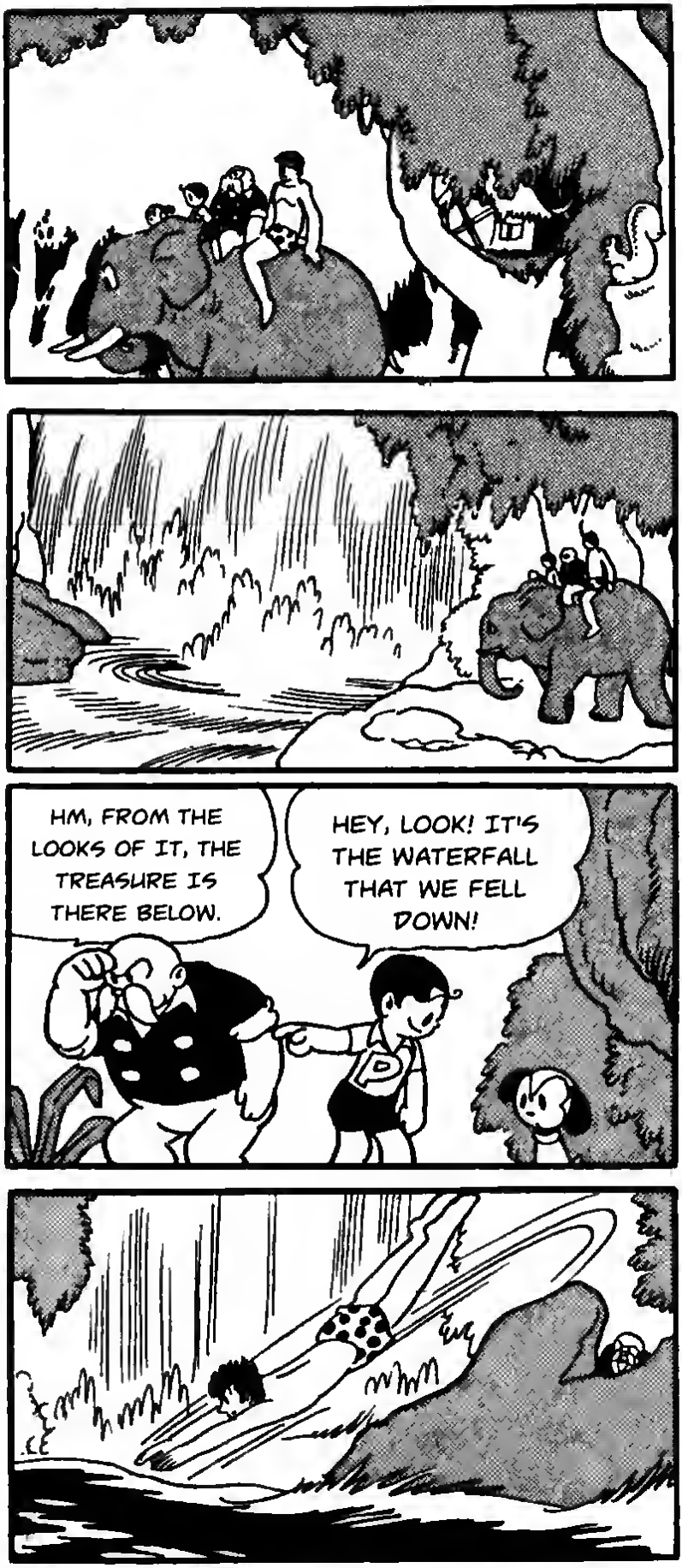
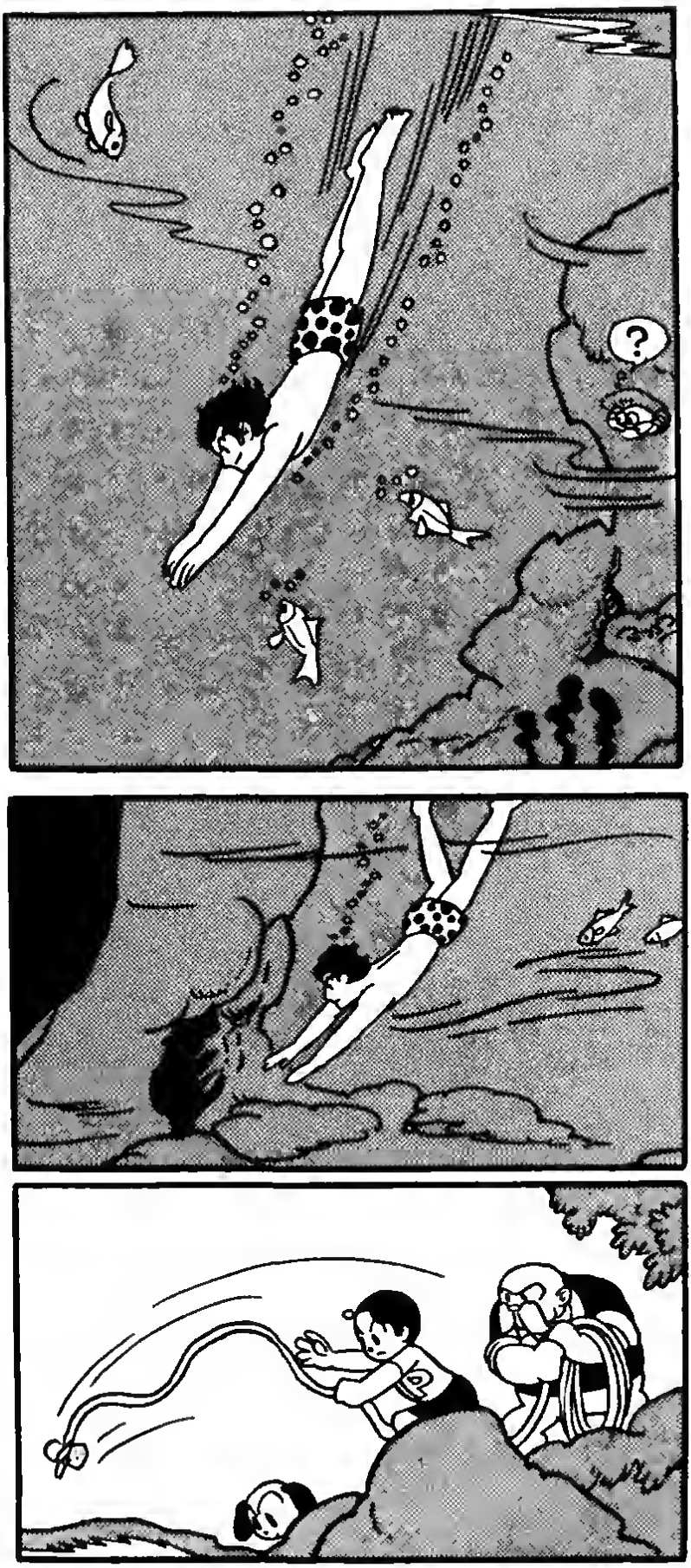
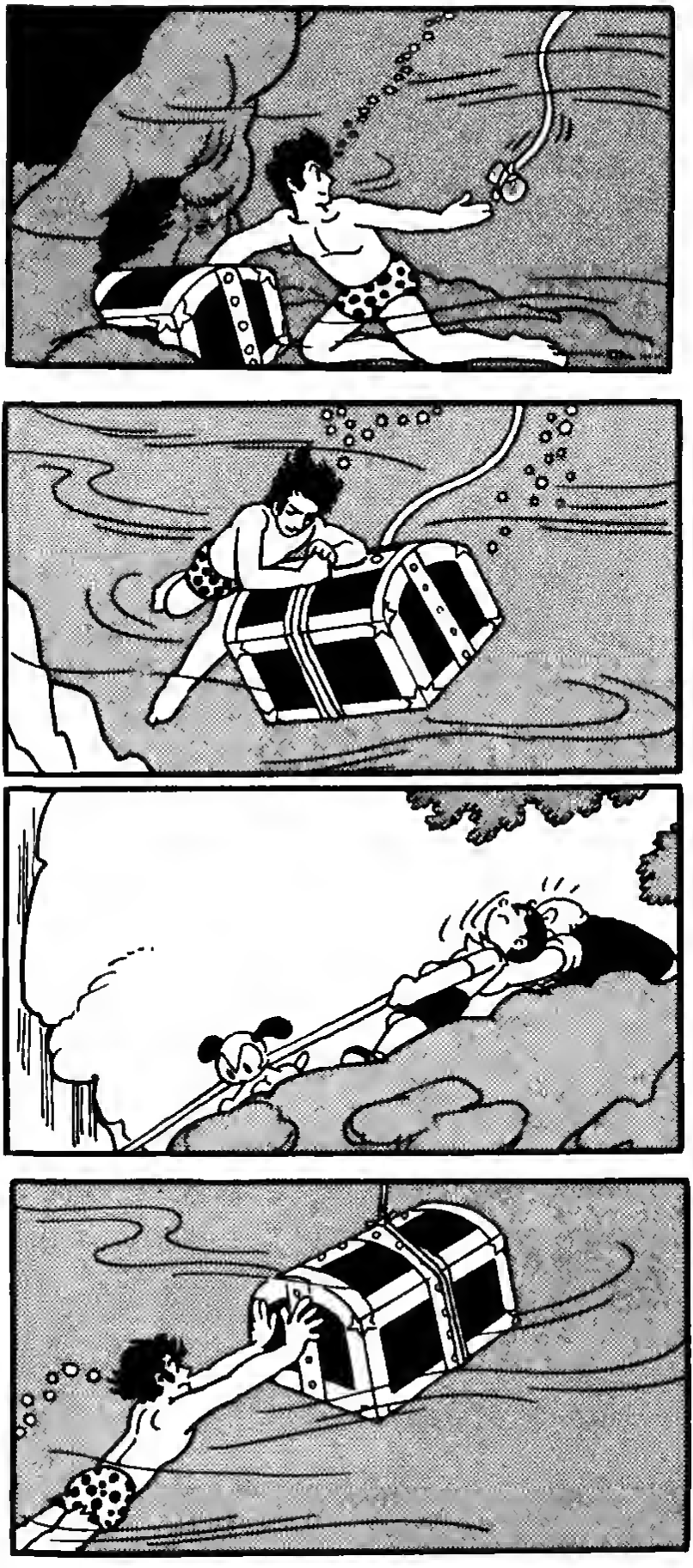
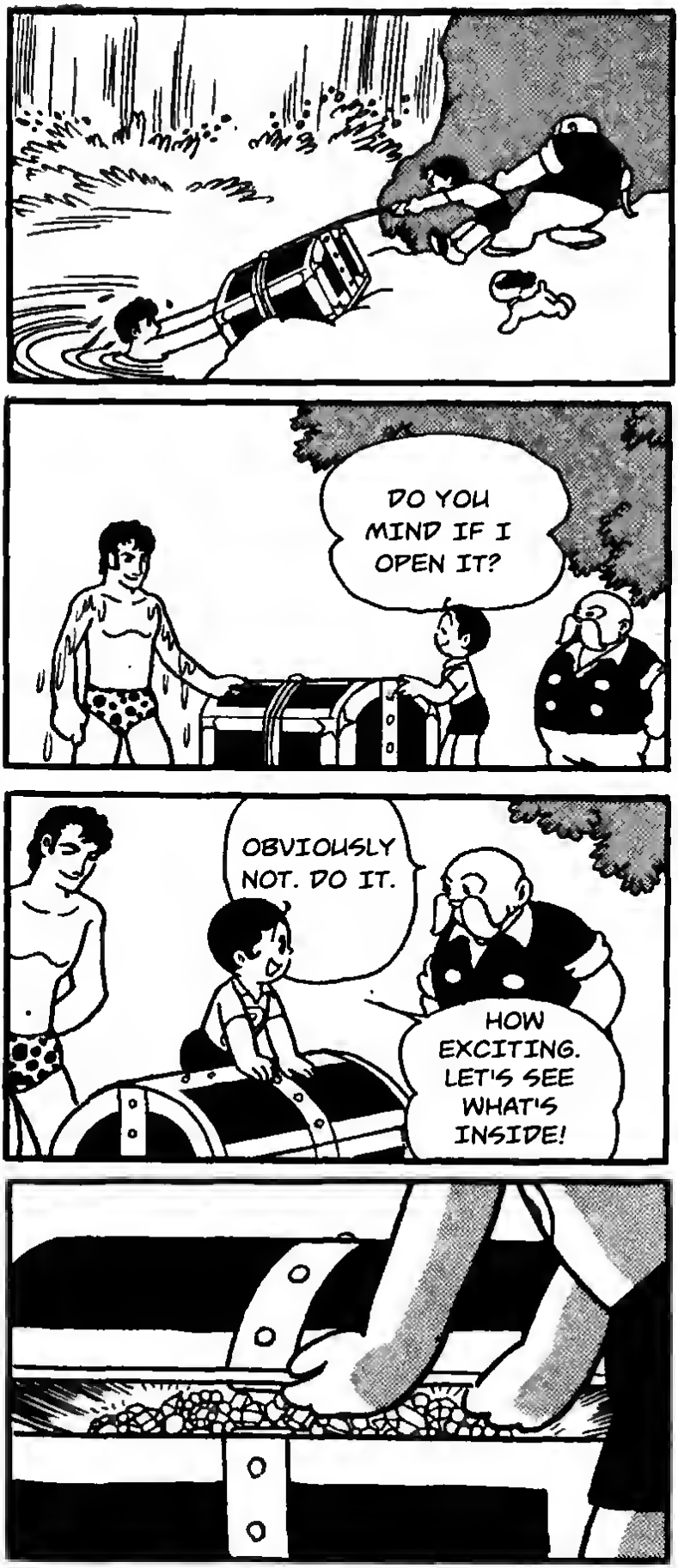
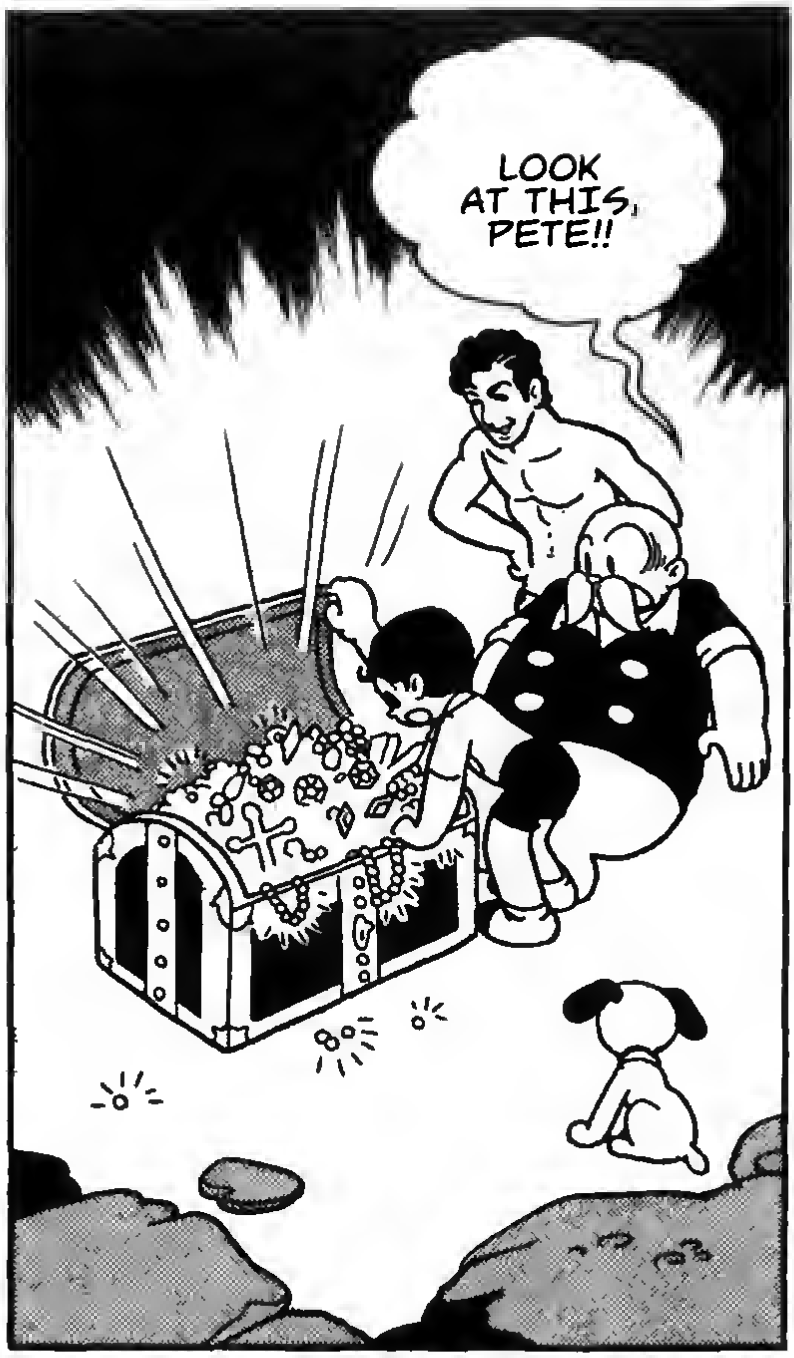
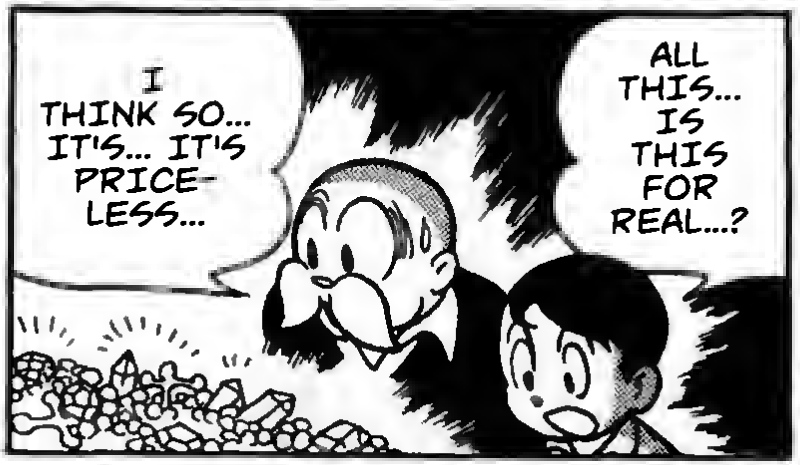

HM, FROM THE LOOKS OF IT, THE TREASURE IS THERE BELOW.
HEY, LOOK! IT'S THE WATERFALL THAT WE FELL DOWN!





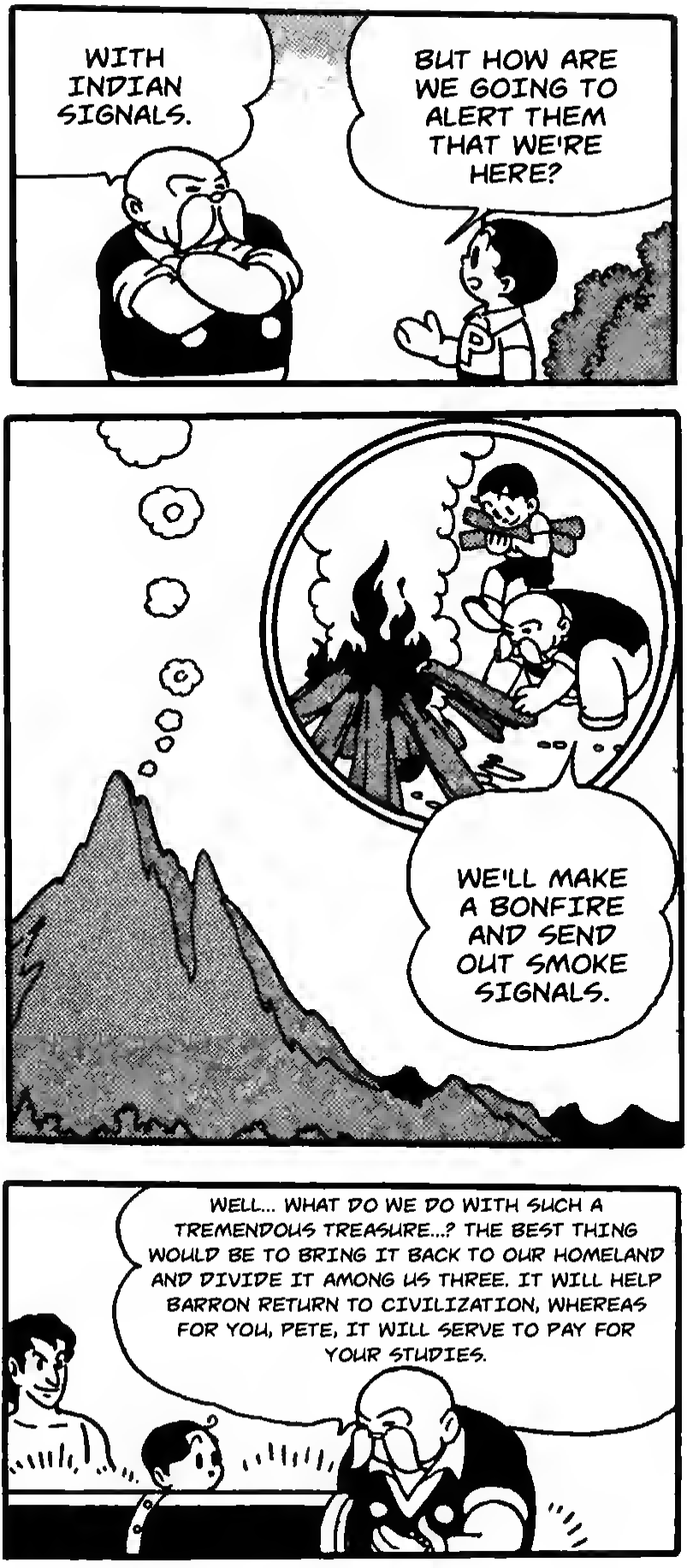

DO YOU MIND IF I OPEN IT?
OBVIOUSLY NOT. DO IT.
HOW EXCITING. LET'S SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!


LOOK AT THIS, PETE!!

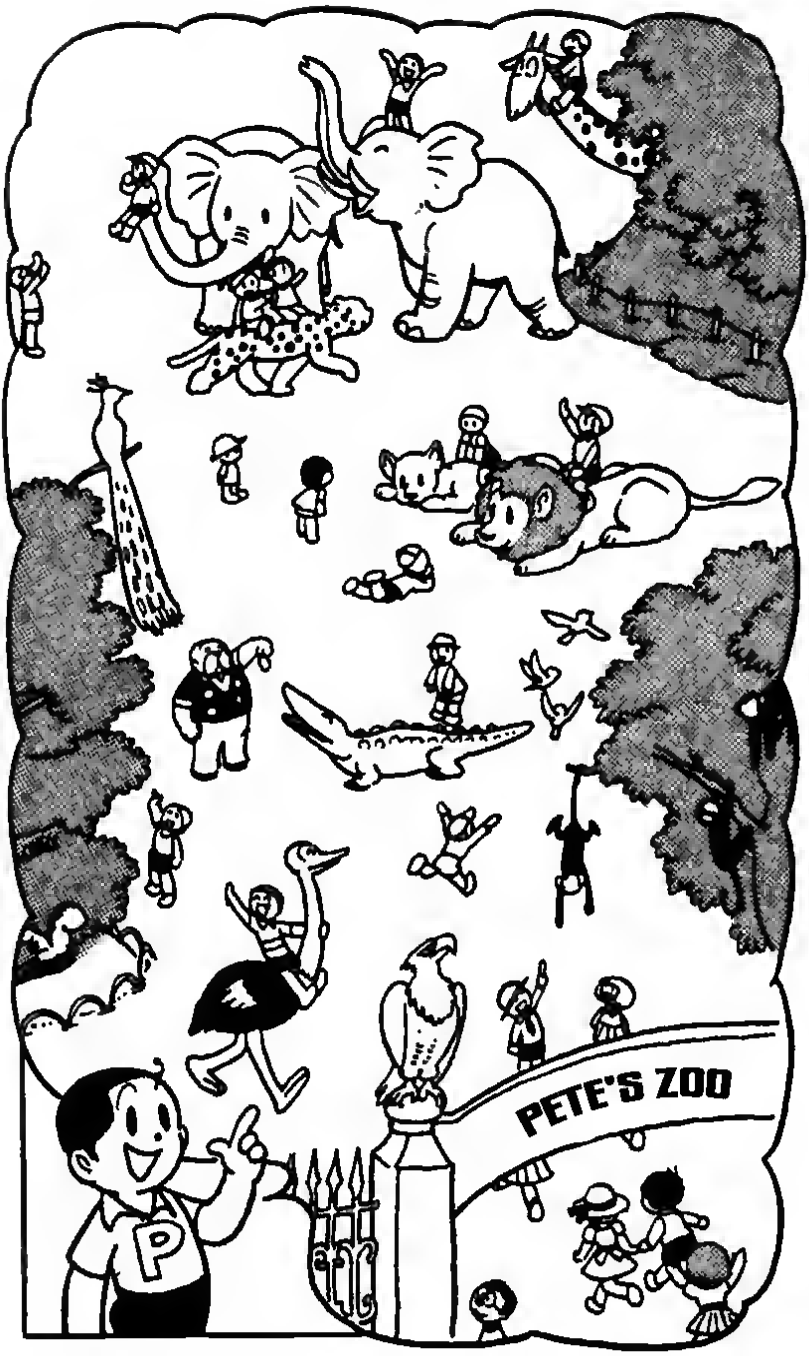

ALL THIS... IS THIS FOR REAL...?
I THINK SO... IT'S... IT'S PRICE-LESS...

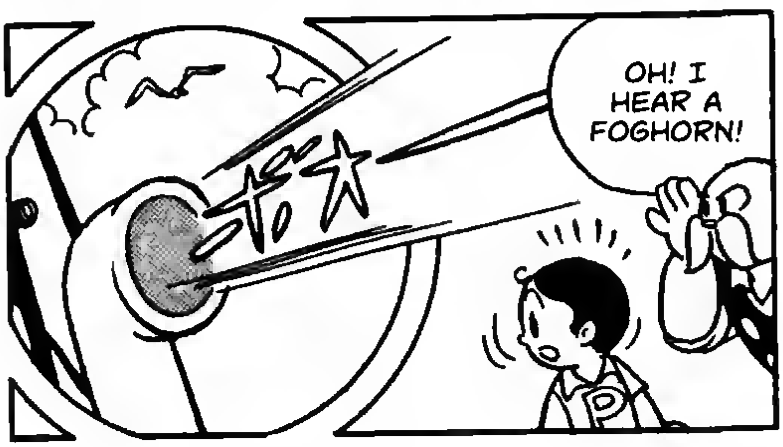
IT'S ALREADY BEEN MONTHS SINCE THE CAPTAIN AND PETE DISAPPEARED... ACCORDING TO A FISHERMAN FROM THE AREA, THEY REACHED THE SHORES OF A DESERTED ISLAND ON A RAFT...
WE'LL HAVE TO GO EXPLORING THE DIFFER-ENT ISLANDS ONE BY ONE.

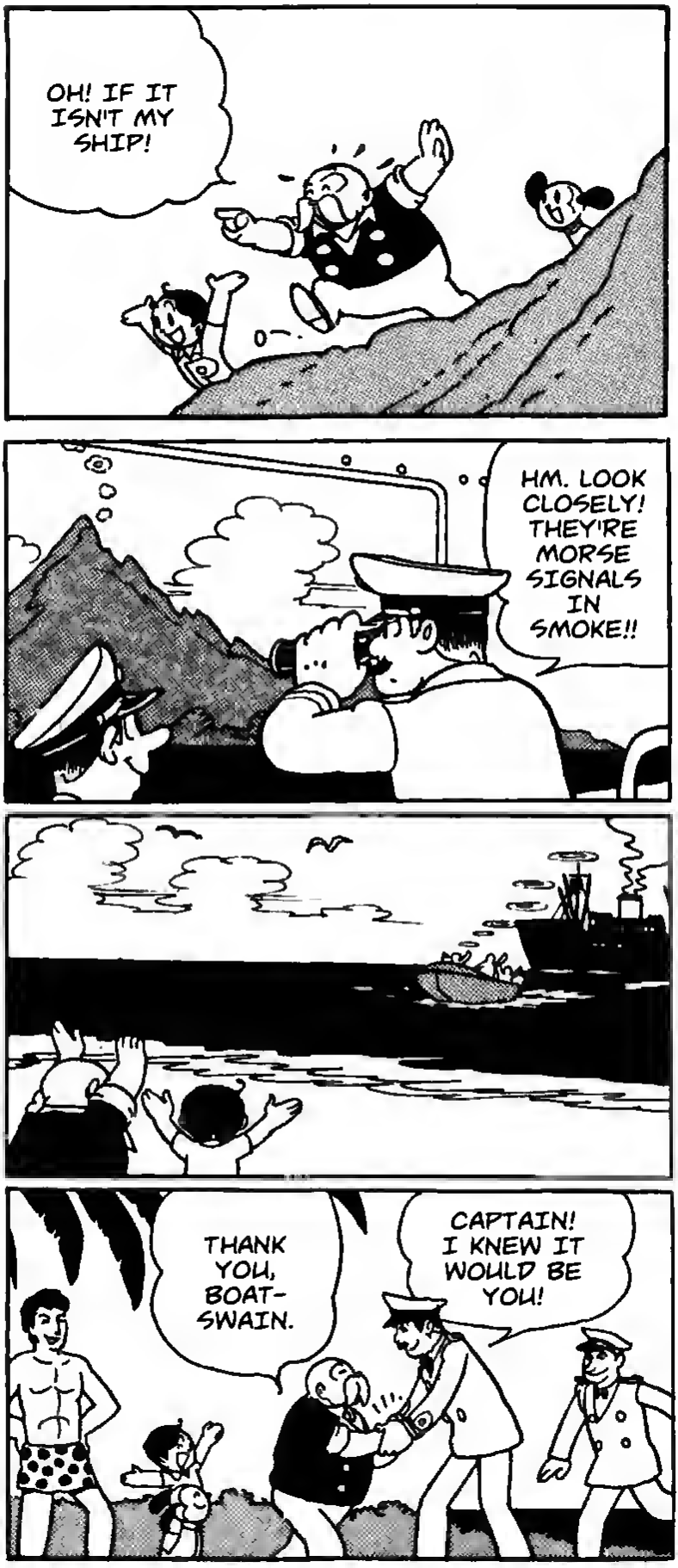
IT'S LIKE FINDING A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK.
LOOK, WE HAVE ANOTHER ONE OVER THERE. THIS ONE GIVES ME CHILLS...
HOW CAN WE TAKE ALL THIS BACK TO OUR COUNTRY...?
I'M SURE THAT MY MEN ARE SAILING THROUGHOUT THE AREA, SEARCHING FOR US.

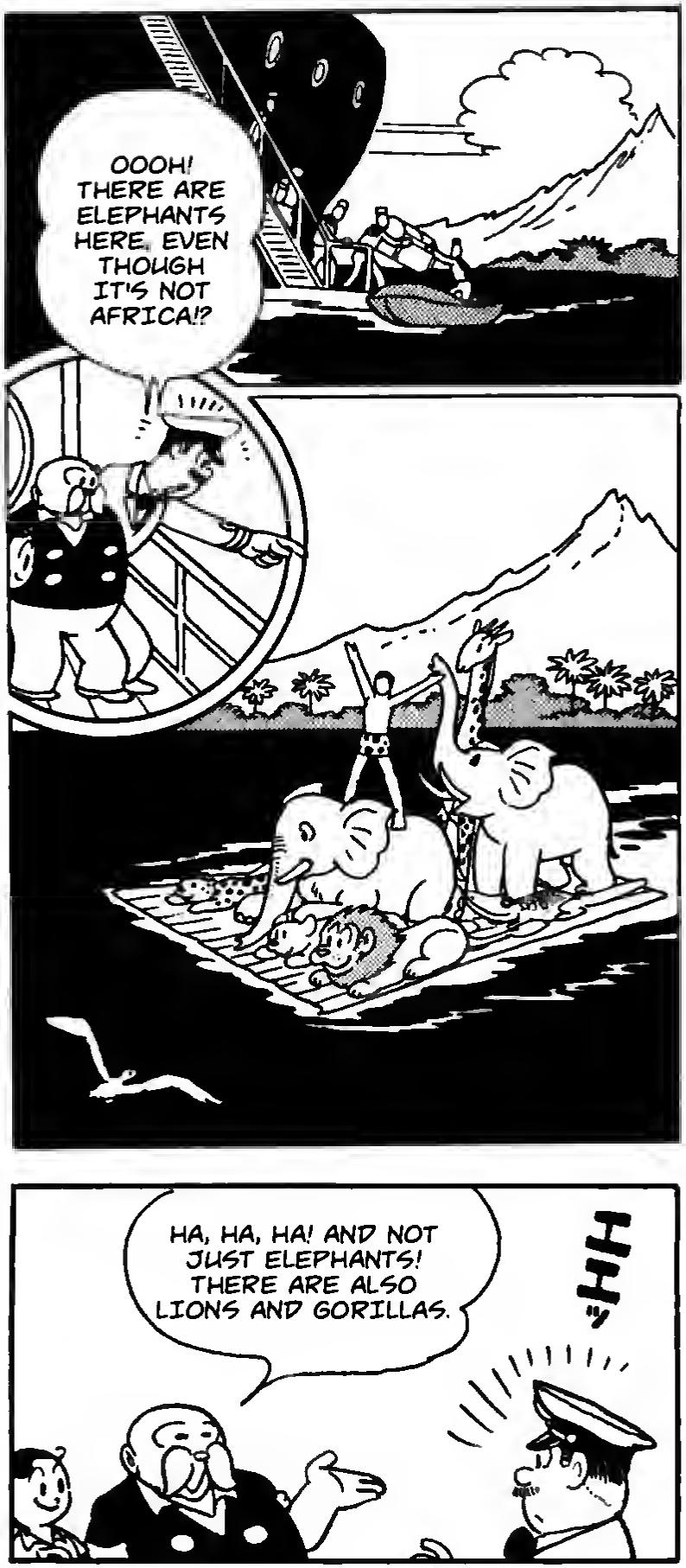

WITH INDIAN SIGNALS.
BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO ALERT THEM THAT WE'RE HERE?
WE'LL MAKE A BONFIRE AND SEND OUT SMOKE SIGNALS.
WELL... WHAT DO WE DO WITH SUCH A TREMENDOUS TREASURE...? THE BEST THING WOULD BE TO BRING IT BACK TO OUR HOMELAND AND DIVIDE IT AMONG US THREE. IT WILL HELP BARRON RETURN TO CIVILIZATION, WHEREAS FOR YOU, PETE, IT WILL SERVE TO PAY FOR YOUR STUDIES.

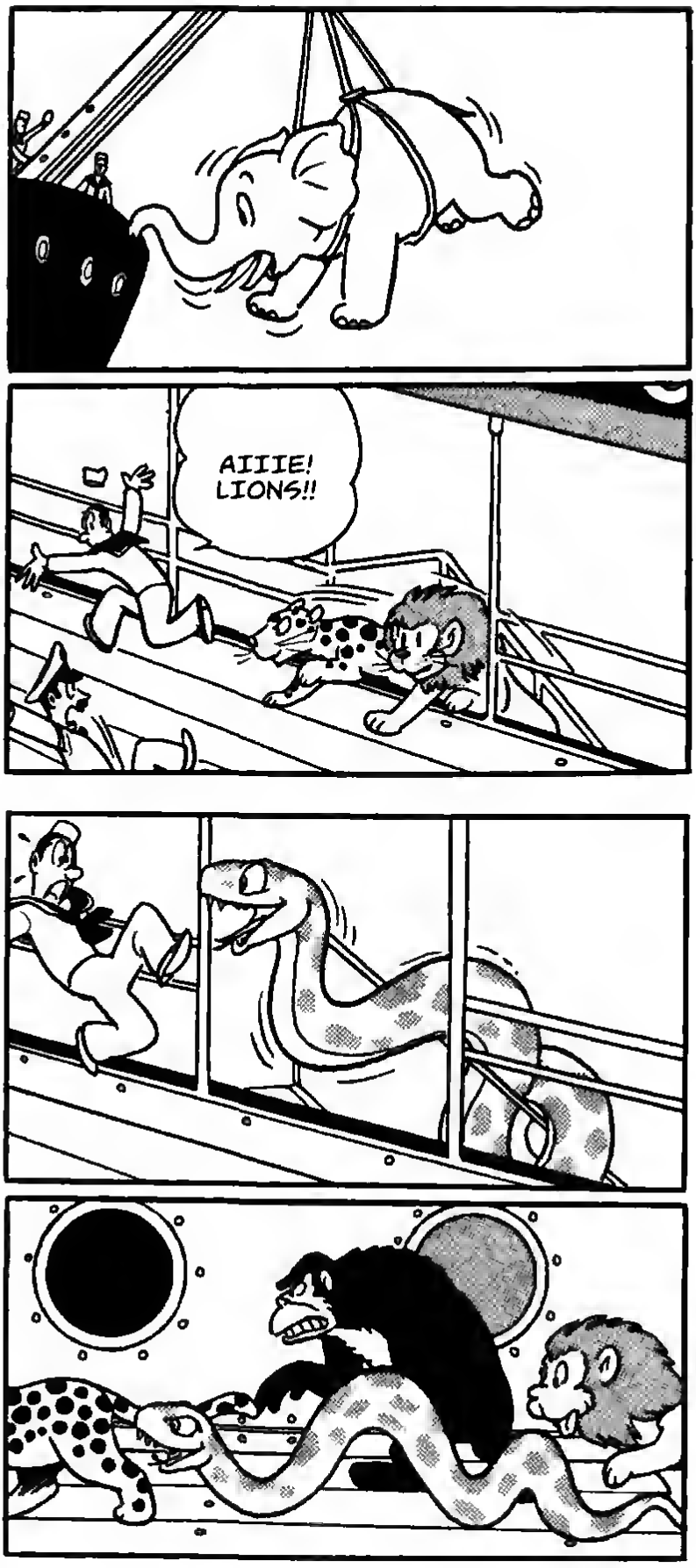
HOLD ON A MOMENT, CAPTAIN, I WANT TO USE THE TREASURE FOR SOMETHING MUCH BETTER.
FIRST, WE'LL BUY THIS ISLAND.
OH, AND WHAT'S SO WONDERFUL AS THAT?
THEN WE'LL BRING ANIMALS FROM THE WHOLE WORLD HERE AND TRANSFORM IT INTO A ZOO. OF COURSE, NO ANIMALS WILL BE LOCKED IN CAGES. BARRON CAN TAKE CARE OF MANAGING THE PARK.
AHA.
WAH, HA, HA, HA, HA! A VERY INTRIGUING AND NOVEL IDEA! WE'LL CERTAINLY SUPPORT YOUR PLAN!


PETE'S ZOO

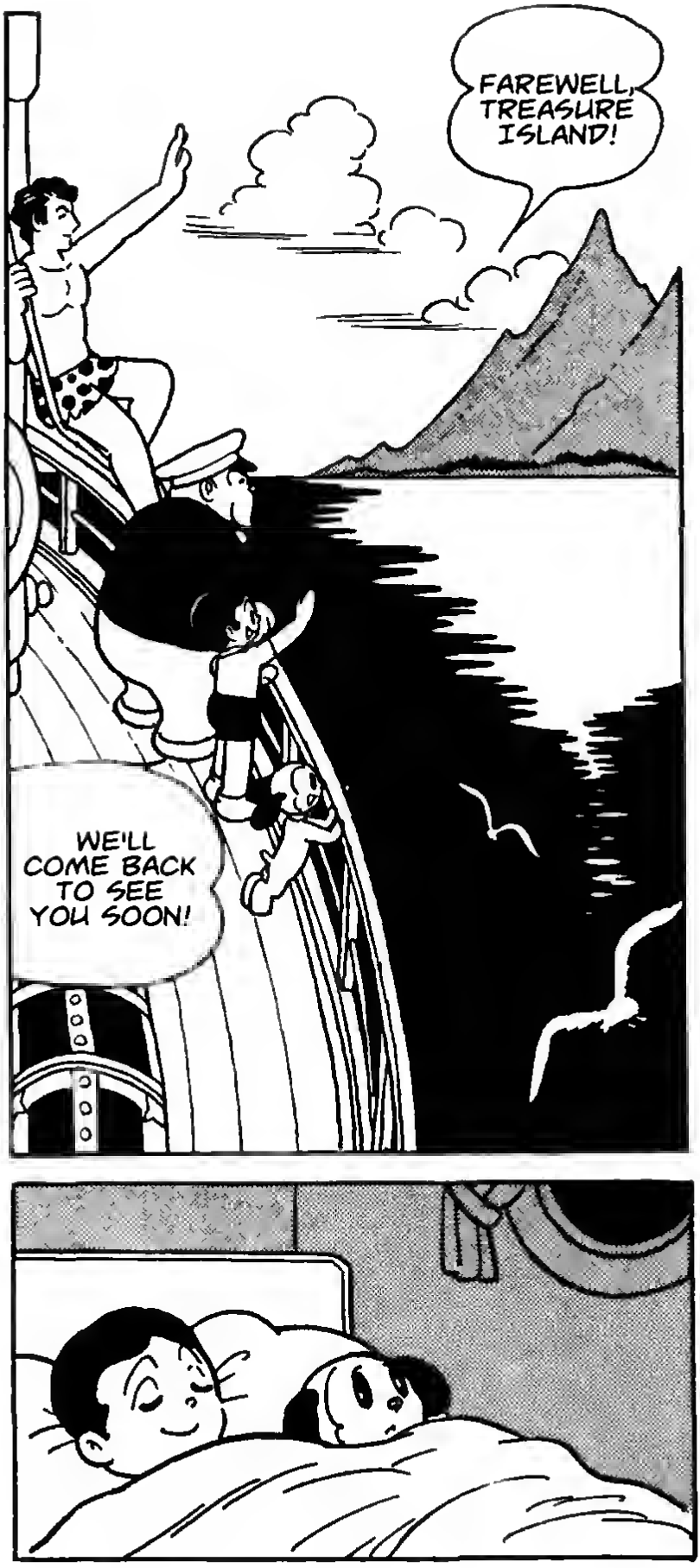

OH! I HEAR A FOGHORN!


OH! IF IT ISN'T MY SHIP!
HM. LOOK CLOSELY! THEY'RE MORSE SIGNALS IN SMOKE!!
THANK YOU, BOAT-SWAIN.
CAPTAIN! I KNEW IT WOULD BE YOU!

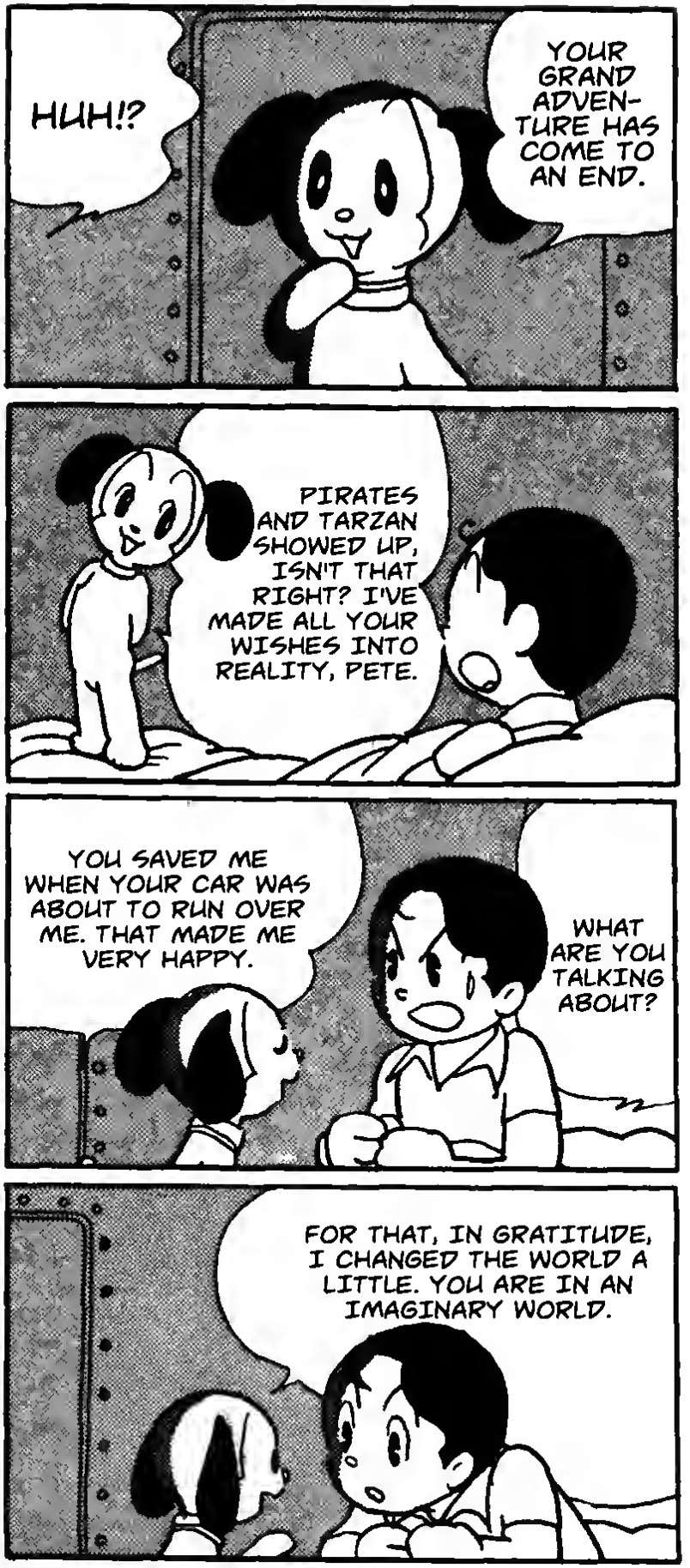

OOOH! THERE ARE ELEPHANTS HERE, EVEN THOUGH IT'S NOT AFRICA!?
HA, HA, HA! AND NOT JUST ELEPHANTS! THERE ARE ALSO LIONS AND GORILLAS.
HH


AIIIE!
LIONS!!

WH... WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, CAPTAIN!?
CALM DOWN, THE BEASTS WON'T HARM ANYBODY...
NOW YOU SEE, LADS. WAH, HA, HA, HA, HA!

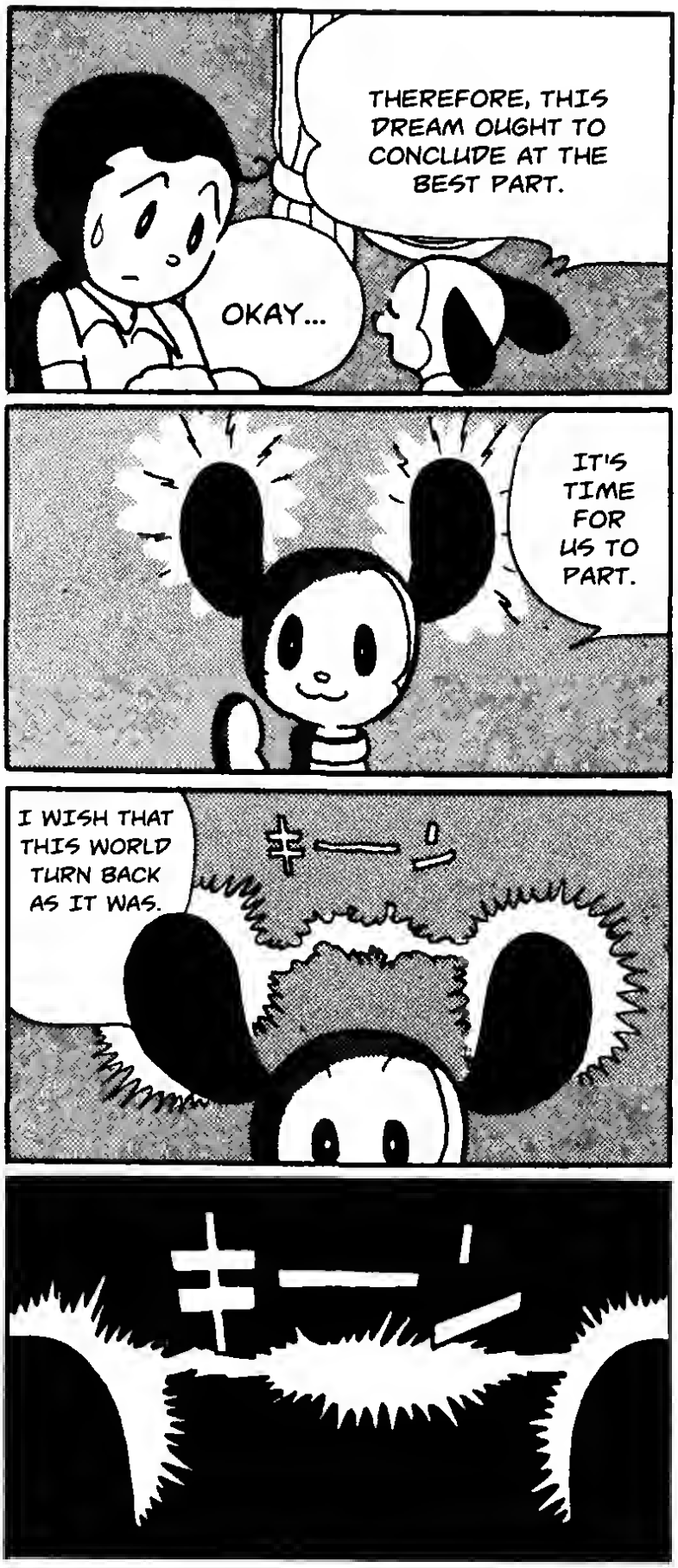

FAREWELL, TREASURE ISLAND!
WE'LL COME BACK TO SEE YOU SOON!

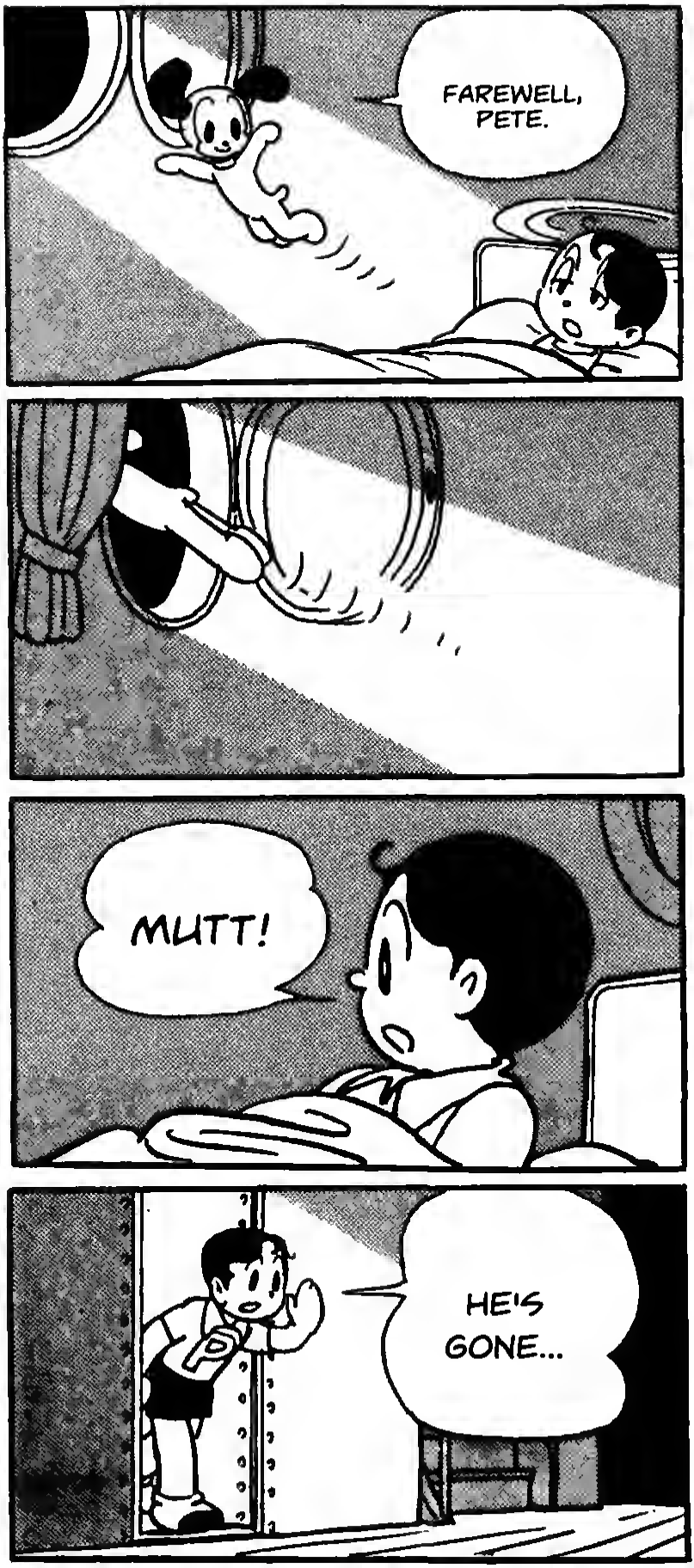
PETE! HEY, PETE!
IT'S BEEN FUN, HASN'T IT?
OR DID IT JUST SEEM LIKE IT...?
THE DOG IS TALK-ING!!
IN REALITY, I'M NOT A DOG AT ALL. MY NAME IS PAN AND I'M A FAIRY.

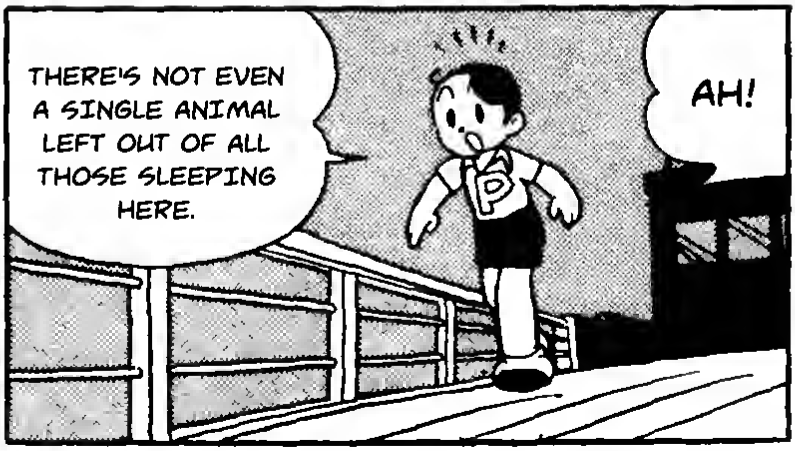

HUH!?
YOUR GRAND ADVEN-TURE HAS COME TO AN END.
PIRATES AND TARZAN SHOWED UP, ISN'T THAT RIGHT? I'VE MADE ALL YOUR WISHES INTO REALITY, PETE.
YOU SAVED ME WHEN YOUR CAR WAS ABOUT TO RUN OVER ME. THAT MADE ME VERY HAPPY.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
FOR THAT, IN GRATITUDE, I CHANGED THE WORLD A LITTLE. YOU ARE IN AN IMAGINARY WORLD.

YES, IT'S QUITE SIMPLE!
YOU SAY THAT YOU CHANGED THE WORLD!?
DON'T YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO HOW EVERY-THING WAS BEFORE?
AND WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW?
RIGHT NOW I HAVE A TREA-SURE AND BARRON AND THE ANIMALS WITH ME!
DON'T EVEN JOKE ABOUT THAT!
I DON'T WANT YOU TO WIND UP HEARTBRO-KEN.
THAT'S PRE-CISELY WHAT WILL CAUSE PROB-LEMS FOR YOU...

TO BEGIN WITH, THE AUTHORITIES WILL ASSESS YOUR TREASURE WITH DUTIES, CONSIDERING IT AN IMPORTED GOOD, AND THEY'LL TAKE ALMOST ALL OF IT AWAY FROM YOU.
THE AGENTS FROM ANIMAL QUARANTINE SERVICE WILL PUT THE ANIMALS IN CAGES AND THEN SEND THEM BACK.
QUA-RAN-TINE
...AS HE DOESN'T HAVE A PASSPORT, THEY'LL ARREST HIM FOR ILLEGAL IMMIGRATION OR DEPORT HIM.
REGARDING BARRON...
THEN MAKE IT SO THAT DOESN'T HAPPEN WITH YOUR POWERS!
MY FAIRY POWERS DON'T REACH THAT FAR.


THEREFORE, THIS DREAM OUGHT TO CONCLUDE AT THE BEST PART.
OKAY...
IT'S TIME FOR US TO PART.
I WISH THAT THIS WORLD TURN BACK AS IT WAS.

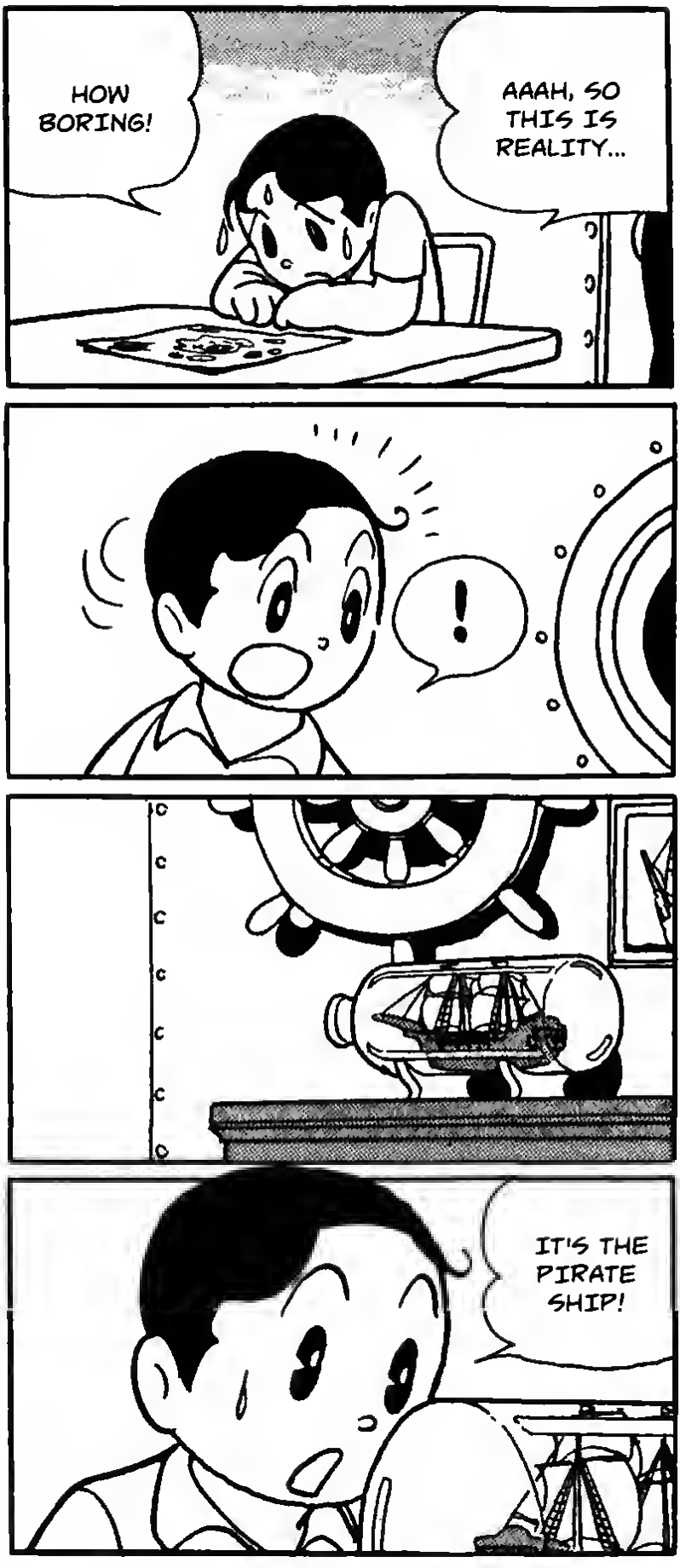

FAREWELL, PETE.
MUTT!
HE'S GONE...


THERE'S NOT EVEN A SINGLE ANIMAL LEFT OUT OF ALL THOSE SLEEPING HERE.
AH!

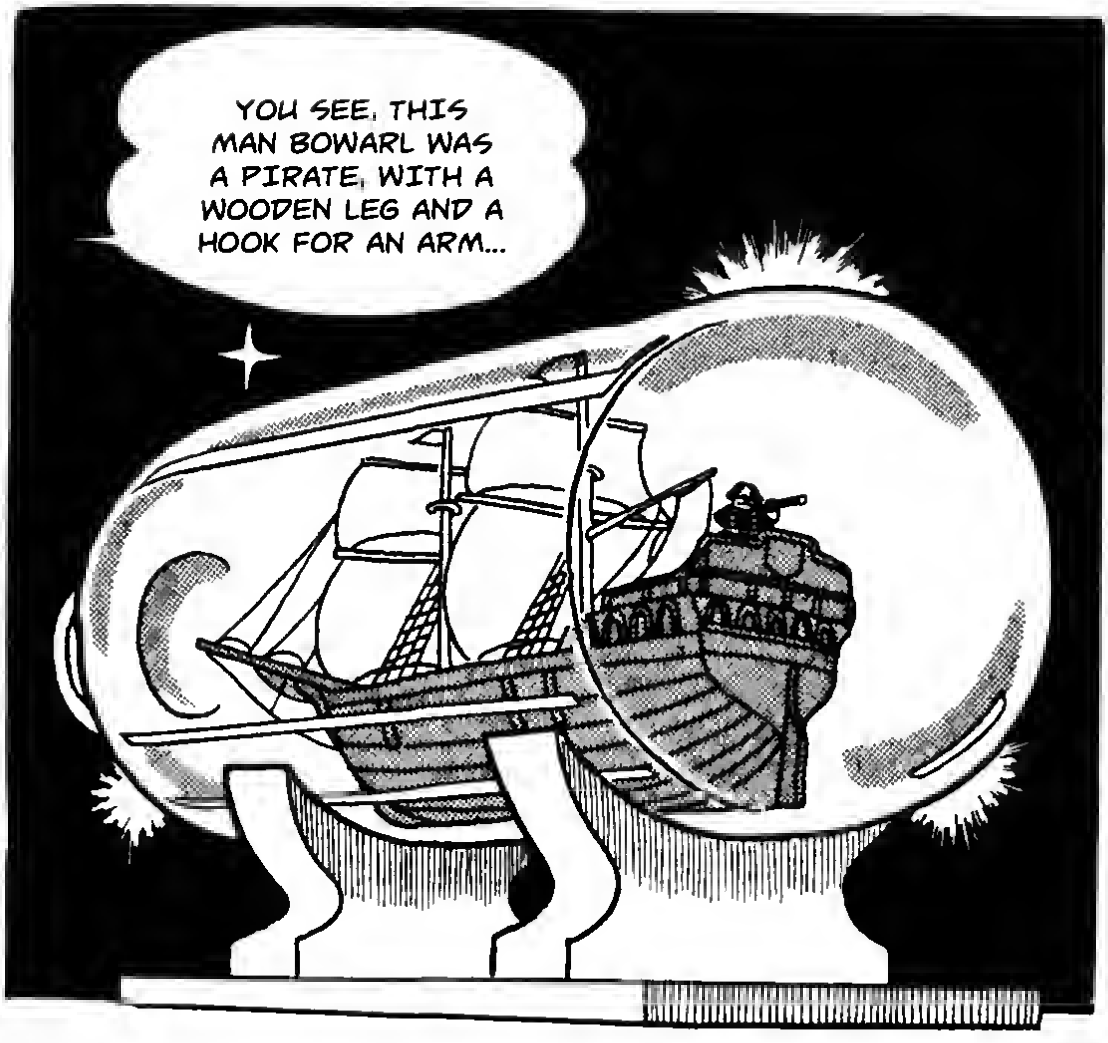
THE TREASURE CHEST HAS DISAPPEARED!! BUT IT WAS RIGHT HERE...
WHERE ARE YOU, BAAAAAA-RRON!?
BAAARRON!
AAAAH! EV-ERYTHING'S VANISHED...!
AH, IT'S YOU, PETE.
CAPTAIN.

THE TREASURE'S DISAPPEARED! AND BARRON TOO! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
TREASURE? BARRON? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, LAD.
YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING?
NO IDEA. PERHAPS YOU DREAMT UP THE WHOLE THING? WAH, HA, HA!

BY THE WAY, I'VE COMPARED YOUR TREASURE MAP WITH SEVERAL NAUTICAL MAPS AND OTHER THINGS, AND YOU KNOW WHAT?
BUT NOW IT'S AN OIL-PRODUCING RESERVOIR OF A CERTAIN COUNTRY.
THE ISLAND REALLY DOES EXIST.
THE ENTIRE ISLAND HAS BEEN TURNED UPSIDE DOWN, IT'S FILLED WITH OIL THROUGHOUT.
DON'T TELL ME...
PUT IT OUT OF YOUR MIND.
TREASURE HUNTS ARE A THING OF THE PAST.

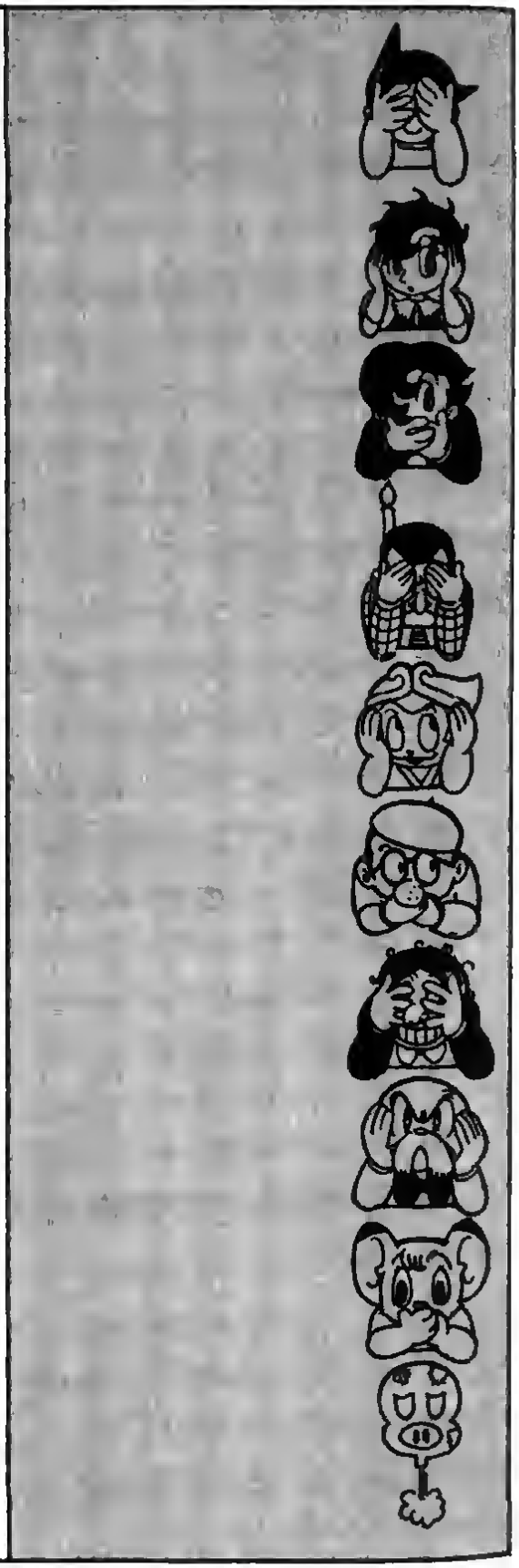

HOW BORING!
AAAH, SO THIS IS REALITY...
!
IT'S THE PIRATE SHIP!

WAH, HA, HA, HA! YES, IT'S A SIMPLE MODEL OF A SAIL-BOAT. ISN'T IT WELL MADE?
LISTEN, CAP-TAIN! WOULD YOU MIND IF I CHRISTEN THE SHIP WITH THE NAME, "BOWARL?"
HUH? AS YOU WISH, BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO LISTEN...?
...TO MY GRAND ADVEN-TURE!?


YOU SEE, THIS MAN BOWARL WAS A PIRATE, WITH A WOODEN LEG AND A HOOK FOR AN ARM...

THE END

THE DIARY OF MY DEBUT



Year: 1946

June 2nd (Sunday)
I spent the day drawing Lost World on the upper floor. Mom had left for Kyochi*. My pages from today are terribly printed; I'm ashamed to look at them. I can't do anything other than laugh at myself like an idiot and let it go.
(*Abbreviation of Kyoto Nichinichi Shinbun [Kyoto Daily News]. In the pages of which Chinnen to Kyo-Chan from Tezuka was later published.)

June 7th (Friday)
Today I left my classes and spent the day drawing Lost World
In the evening, Imoki* started to cry, saying that she'd lost her Pinocchio book. As we've turned all the cabinets of the upper floor upside down, a mountain of fleas emerged and I've had a very hard time falling asleep.
(*Imoki (potato-boy) was the affectionate nickname for my younger sister Minako.)

June 8th (Saturday)
I arrived late to class and didn't attend for even one hour. Instead of that, I went to Zuka*. The seat I managed to get was one of the best, but the show was hardly spectacular. All the Imai siblings were at the theater. It looks like Kuyu** had hidden the Pinocchio book that Imoki had lost.
(*Cabaret-Theater of Takarazuka
**Kuyu was the nickname of a person who lodged in our house.)

June 9th (Sunday)
I've spent the day drawing Lost World and playing the piano.

June 10th (Monday)
In the morning I thoroughly cleaned my room and then I ate. Today it was very windy and many newspaper pages and tissues flew into my room.

June 11th (Tuesday)
For quite a while the weather hasn't been good, but today for a change it was very hot and on top of that, as I ate my bento at nine-thirty in the morning, then with a full belly I was left unable to do anything. Saito and Okubo went to Nakanoshima to go boating, but I remained lying in the house, steam rising from my entire body.

June 12th (Wednesday)
Good weather. It was very hot and I spent the day sweating buckets, so the fleas and lice had to swim against the current. Imai and Kudo left for Zuka, but I stayed behind to stir up trouble with another group on the second floor of the YMCA. In the evening I guzzled as much beer as I have in a long time. It must have been to drown my sorrows.

June 13th (Thursday)
As there was no roll call today at the university, there was a ton of people who skipped. The members of the Meninges club went to the pavilion to listen to Nikkyo*, but I decided to go bring a manuscript to Kyonichi, since it had been a while since I'd done so. The guy who was at the paper's reception seemed like he couldn't care less, so I didn't put much trust in him. On the way back, I passed by the Kansai Manga Man Club, in Suita, and I found that it was an ordinary house on a lively street. An old woman who couldn't fit another wrinkle on her face was floating in the pond under the bridge and laughed with a surreal grin. According to the paper, there's an incredibly energetic school director able to get by on just half a liter of water and three shaku (1 shaku = .018 liters) of rice a day.

*Translator's note - Nikkyo Niwano was the founder of Rissho Kosei Kai, a Buddhist lay movement

June 14th (Friday)
Today I also skipped my classes and was drawing Lost World in the morning and practicing piano in the afternoon. As it was so hot, I spent the whole day stark naked.

June 15th (Saturday)
Around two (in the morning!) I got up to the ringing of my alarm clock and, half asleep, I observed the lunar eclipse with a telescope. But between the cloudy skies and my vision, also clouded by sleep, between mouthfuls of American bread the two units sell for five yen on the black market, I barely caught a glimpse of the moon. I couldn't have paid closer attention. As the alarm clock messed me up and didn't ring at the moment of the total eclipse, I spent the rest of the night sleeping like a log.

In the afternoon, those of use who are taking part in the work "Domomata no Shi" ["The Death of Domomata"] took a commemorative photo on the roof and then divided ourselves into three groups. We went with Kudo to the assembly at the Central Public Auditorium and read Checkov's work, "A Marriage Proposal." In the adJoining room there were members of the Socialist Party drinking tea and having a loud discussion.

Just then, in the main room they were holding an open speech session, but there were only two listeners in that entire enormous auditorium (of which, one was going to do the next speech, and the other was sleeping). As we felt sorry for them, we took it as a social obligation and listened from a corner of the top gallery. Finally I was the only one left. When I decided to leave, the speaker was crying out pathetically with a pitiful voice. In the evening, I went to visit Oyamauchi and brought him a little tobacco and some dried cuttlefish.
(At that time, I had Just entered the University's theater club and that was my first performance.)

June 16th (Sunday)
After two or three very hot days, today the temperature was lower and it rained. In the middle of the downpour came Hayashi, a peculiar little guy. I provided him with a butterfly net and he left to catch insects. Three hours later, Just to listen to the program "Mimosa no Hana" ["The Mimosa Flower"] on the radio, he returned to the house, drenched. It seems he ate a packed lunch in a forest hut. Then, we stayed sitting on the upper floor doing nothing more until dusk and in the end we missed the program.

June 18th (Tuesday)
Since morning I've been wracking my brain and pinching my ass, thinking nonstop, but I didn't come up with any good ideas for my manga series. When I finally finished a strip and took it to the university, it was already noon. I went with the Meninges Club to Kokusai Cinema to watch "Yoru Hikaru Kao" ["The Face That Shines in the Night"]. It was very hot in the movie theater, a little more and it would give me a seizure. The film was pretty good with regards to its imagery, but it was noticeably disjointed at times and the plot was difficult to follow.

June 19th (Wednesday)
Starting from noon we had choir practice, but most members of the third and fourth parts didn't come and the thing ended up in tremendous chaos. Upon returning home, I set to drawing Lost World.

June 21st (Friday)
After noon, I stopped by the Kansai Manga Man Club to meet with Tokyo Osaka. When I arrived, he was completely naked, doing something beside a stove. He left in a hurry and I saw that he was still quite young. It could be the case with all mangaka, but he had unkempt hair and pale arms. It's the first time that I've spoken with somebody who shares the same hobby. He showed me a mountain of originals for the third issue of Manga Man magazine, as well as an animal manga he'd drawn and several old works from first-rank artists. The one I liked the best was the drawing of Mr. Shichima Sakai. Just as I thought, Mr. Sakai had taken part in the creation of manga-films. The Kansai Manga Man Club had some 40 members. Among them, some were much older and, apparently, I was the youngest*.

Later, we went to the home of Shotaro Nanbu, but he wasn't in, so I said goodbye to Osaka, though not before promising that we'd see each other again soon.

Mr. Shimano was robbed of some 13 pairs of shoes. Altogether, they were worth about ten thousand yen, which represents an enormous loss for the family. The father was almost crying. Later, all the matrons of the neighborhood gathered together and Mrs. Honda, with her usual eloquence, began to speak, taking their minds off of the theft. Then Mrs. Katsuragi and the rest began to talk about where they'd gotten this-or-that potato seedling. It seems that there was a large footprint in the corner of the garden.

Later, I realized that someone had stolen the shirt I
was washing last night at the trouble of getting my feet soaked.
(*In reality this was a misunderstanding, there were already younger members.
For example, Mitsuo Higashiura, who was 15. Also Ko Kojima, from Tokyo,
was a member.)

June 22nd (Saturday)
Returning home with Oyamauchi, we passed by a cafeteria by the shores of the Kanzaki River and the boss, whose teeth stuck out like a rabbit's, asked me for a poster. As he'd invited me to a hearty meal, I couldn't decline the request even though I didn't want anything.

June 23rd (Sunday)
I spent the day drawing Lost World with Indian ink* that I'd first bought yesterday.
(It was the first time that I used liquid ink. Until then I had always used paste ink and had to liquefy it each time.)

June 24th (Monday)
Today I've been drawing Chinnen to Kyo-chan and, after writing letters for Osaka and Nanbu, I went to Kyonichi in the afternoon to determine for once and all whether or not I was going to continue the series. But Kurashige had taken the day off and I went for no reason. With my money I bought bread and the sweetest jelly, I ate until I was full.

June 25th (Tuesday)
It's raining. It's been days since I went to class, and I didn't today either:
I came across some bad influences and we all went to Shochiku-za to see the highly vaunted Casablanca. It wasn't bad, for something that won an Oscar.
As we didn't find any place to eat our packed lunches, we invaded a cafeteria and had to wait quite a while until we got good seats. Imai hadn't even learned of the trouble with the food supply we recently had in Takarazuka - what a lackadaisical guy!

June 26th (Wednesday)
I spent the afternoon in meetings of the theater and music clubs, but
I didn't get much done. I drew Lost World.

June 27th (Thursday)
In the morning I was waiting in line since five in front the entrance of the new bathhouse*. It was a favor I owed a friend, but I was sleepy, I was tired and starving. When, after four long hours of waiting, I was finally going to get tickets, someone called out that they were going to sit eight people in three seats, and they turned all of us away. (*At that time, you had to stand in line from the wee hours of the morning to the admissions of the cabaret-theater of Takarazuka in order to get tickets. As I lived in Takarazuka, my friends always foisted thiscumbersome task on me.)

June 29th (Saturday)
This morning for the first time I heard the beautiful song of the cicadas of the camphor tree. In the morning I was at Kyonichi. As three days had passed and they haven't published the story I drew the other day, I'm in a pretty bad mood.

June 31st
This day doesn't really exist. Therefore, I can't specify what I did.

July 1st (Monday)
In the afternoon I approached Kyonichi with Mom, and we were talking with Mr. Matsuoka and Mr. Kurashige. They remarked to us that the manga that was serialized is very popular, which made me very pleased. While returning home, we bought mochi with sweet bean paste for 15 yen and we ate it.

July 2nd (Tuesday)
In the afternoon I was working on the piece "TOP" that Osaka asked of me. The nuclear experiment they conducted yesterday in the Bikini Atoll was a failure and it seems that the frigate Nagato hardly suffered a scratch.

July 3rd (Wednesday)
Hayashi and I went to the Center of Electrical Science and we saw the Constellation Musca* and "Once Upon a Time**." Tokyo Osaka sent a response. In the same envelope there was a very polished critique of my work carried out by Mr. Shichima Sakai.

It is seen that the powerful radiation from the Bikini Atoll has gone elsewhere, because the fish keep swimming in the sea and atop the boat that had to serve as a target, the goats that were there for experimenting continue eating grass as usual.
(*The planetarium of the Center of Electrical Science was the mark of Carl Zeiss and was the first installed in the Orient before the war. **In the planetarium they always showed an American film after the show. This film, with Cary Grant as protagonist, tells the story of a caterpillar that dances to the music. The final part, in which it emerges, transformed into a butterfly, is an animation with which Disney Studios collaborated.)

July 4th (Thursday)
In the morning, while I was working on Chinnen to Kyo-chan, Tamaoki and Imai came over. Mom urged me to draw and take leave of my cronies and, despite the commotion, I was able to finish eight pages and take them to Kyonichi.

With such a ruckus, the morning passed in the blink of an eye. In the afternoon, with me crushed by how hot it was, I didn't even have the strength to lift a pencil, so I spent the middle of the day picking lint from my navel. I discovered that the lint was placed there since my very own birth. After all, it formed part of my umbilical cord.
That is to say, that it finally saw the light of day after twenty years. It looked like a scab, as black as anything. I've come to the conclusion that it was a scab from twenty years ago, which has made me extremely happy and made me give thanks to heaven.

July 5th (Friday)
In the afternoon, I went with Dad to visit Tamaoki and Takeda. I went to see if I could obtain any information about the publishing industry, but it backfired on me, because the only thing I managed to get was me being devoured by the mosquitoes.

In the evening, as Hiroshi* and I were left without underwear, he had to go commando. He didn't seem very pleased.
(*My younger brother. Now he lives in Osaka.)

Today I planned to sit my ass down all day to dedicate myself entirely to drawing, but around ten the Imai siblings arrived and we were hanging out until noon.
Later we went to Sonoda, for the sake of editing the magazine of Zenkoku Takarazuka-kai [The National Association of Takarazuka]. When I returned it was already eight, and just afterwards Oyamauchi arrived and we were talking until twelve. In the end he spent the night. How difficult it is to be so sociable! Although, it must be said, the cake Oyamauchi brought makes up for it.

July 7th (Sunday)
That which up to the past year was the day commemorating the beginning of the Second Sino-Japanese War is now simply the day in which the weaver and the cowherd form a couple*. At 10:18.23 a.m., I receive an unexpected letter from Ueda, in Kitada. Hiroshi left today for Minoh and has caught three gigantic purple emperors. All three are males, which indicates that, in comparison to last year, they've hatched pretty late. Dad lost eighty yen at mahjong, and that's why he should quit already!!
*Translator's Note - He's referring to the Tanabata festival, in which the lovers Orihime and Hikoboshi (the weaver and the cowherd) - represented by the stars, Vega and Altair - meet in the skies after a year's separation.

July 8th (Monday)
Today it rained, and what's more, intensely. With what it cost me yesterday to finalize a few pages of Lost World, the humidity had left softened. Mom and I planned to dry them with the electric stove, but there was no way. Around ten I left the house, approached Umeda, got into a barbershop and later went to visit the editing of the Osaka News. What a mess!

Around twelve, I was with Ekami* in the eastern exit of Osaka Station and we went together to visit Mr. Shichima Sakai at his house. It was about that time I realized how gangly and slender Ekami is. He has to duck to enter the train. Mr. Sakai lives leasing a room on the second floor of a house that belongs to a man named Hitomi. It was completely charred and the room inspired pity, because there was barely anything in it. I was talking the whole afternoon, as if we were old friends. The three of us got along very well and we changed subjects time and again. I had never met anyone so friendly. The conversation drifted toward the subject of manga-films and later we railed against Kanihei Hirose**. Afterwards, we played with the idea of forming the Association of Children's Manga, in whose magazine, titled "Hello Manga," I would have to publish. He also showed us several illustrated books.

I parted with Tokyo Osaka in Osaka Station and took the opportunity to go visit Oyamauchi at his house, where they offered me some rationed bread. It was a bitter bread. He told me that they hand out this bread once every ten days and then, in place of rice, one can of salmon apiece. Hard to believe it.
However, during my return home I passed by the house of "Tetsu, of the Kanzaki River" and I found out that in a whole month they weren't given any of the basic food in the rationing. When I finally arrived it was nine o'clock. I gave up on dinner and set to reading. A letter from Shokokumin Shinbun*** [News of the Little Patriots] asking me for another series to publish.

(*The true name of Tokyo Osaka. In the diary the two names are used interchangeably. **Mangaka that, in the postwar period, published moralizing works in various Osakan Journals. He later moved to Tokyo and enrolled in a manga group, but I understand that it didn't go very well and he quickly wiped out. ***The present day Mainichi Shogakusei Shinbun [Mainichi Elementary Schoolchildren's Newspaper]. From the war up to the postwar period, its name had changed to Shokokumin Shinbun. My first work, Maa-chan no Nikkichou [The Diary of Machan] was published in this newspaper.)

July 9th (Tuesday)
It was sunny with isolated showers. In the afternoon, I went to Mainichi's editorial staff with several originals under my arms. After a long wait, I finally managed to meet with the editor, Hirata, after which I got the feeling that I would soon publish manga in the pages of Shokoku again*. On the return, I put a letter from my father in the mailbox that was in the Takeda house, in Mikage.
(*Starting from that month, they published A-chan B-chan ankenki (Exploration Record of A-chan and B-ko-chan)).

July 11th (Thursday)
Sunny. Very hot. I spend the day working on the Shokoku manga
In the morning, I removed the fusuma sliding doors and replaced them with light curtains.

July 12th (Friday)
In the afternoon I went to the cabaret-theater with the Imai siblings. We were seated in the fourth row, right beside the Occupation Forces, and we got to see a marvel. A showgirl from Gion suddenly emerged from the orchestra box and took the lead. On her back she had an enormous flea bite.

July 15th (Monday)
I worked during the morning. Mr. Shichimura Sakai confirmed to me that he has received my originals. In the afternoon I went to Osaka and I practiced for two hours in the YM. Before returning home, I had a bowl of red bean soup.

July 17th (Wednesday)
At noon, I went to the YM to practice Toy Symphony. Later, left for the Central Public Auditorium for the theater club meeting. The central topic was the silent play, "The Gesture When One Returns Home After Ten Years." There are some great scenes and we laughed. During my return I lost my fan at rush hour.

July 18th (Thursday)
I spent the day drawing Lost World. Hiroshi still had no appetite and a large boil has emerged on his chin; he was put to sleep. Today I saw a large brown cicada for the first time.

July 20th (Saturday)
In the morning I stopped by a printer from Higobashi with the members of the Meninges Club to look for pamphlets, but we returned empty-handed. Now at home, I've listened to the third movement of the Moonlight Sonata on the radio and it delighted me. So I set to practicing it without further delay. Starting from today my new children's manga is being published in the Shokokumin Shinbun: A-chan B-chan Tankenki.

July 23rd (Tuesday)
I spend the day practicing Moonlight Sonata and drawing A-chan B-chan Tankenki. Woefully, there's no cash, not even a single cent, in the house and we had no choice but to sell some of our books. It was quite difficult.

July 24th (Wednesday)
At noon I came to the editors of the Mainichi Newspaper and gave the originals to Mr Hodono. Then I took the opportunity to go to the YM and, after playing piano for a while, I attended the evaluation meeting regarding the first performance of Gakuyuza [the theater club] and a reading from the script of Seimei no Kanmuri (The Crown of Life) in the Central Public Auditorium. On the way back, Kudo persuaded me to go with him to a cafeteria located in Umeshin, where for some very clear tea and a bit of jelly no bigger than my little finger they swindled us out of 24 yen. A little more and I'd faint.

July 26th (Friday)
Around 10 I arrived at the Mainichi Newspaper, where I collected 60 yen (for my manga strips). Afterwards, for three hours I was swarming through Tenma and gorging myself on crushed ice with syrup and caramel ice cream. Around sunset, I watched Idaten Gaito [The Quick Path] in a small theater in Umeda. I learned a lot watching the documentary from Nippon News, "Eiyo Shitcho no Maki" (About Malnutrition). Near Osaka Castle I saw a woman police officer for the first time. She was a tall woman, who stood upright, and I admired her determination and fearless attitude. She walked briskly, clothed in a blue uniform with her hat slightly inclined.

By order of the Occupation Forces, on August 1st they'll have to properly regulate the black markets. If the scourge represented by the black markets disappears throughout the entire country, the cities will be safe and clean.

They've conducted another aquatic experiment with an atomic bomb in the Bikini Atoll. Despite the concerns that flow among the populace, the world hasn't transformed into a sea of flames. The ship A-go sank in ten minutes, but the frigate Nagato remained just as it was. A fine time to show off its sturdiness, now that it's no longer able to do anything. Dad was practicing with all his heart, his loincloth following in his wake, the "Echigo Jishi" dance that we watched yesterday.

July 27th (Saturday)
I spent the day drawing Lost World. Once again a fungus broke out on my left arm, as if greeting me and wishing for a happy coexistence with it for another year.

July 28th (Sunday)
Working on Lost World all day. In the morning and in the evening I put a cresol solution against the fungus, and my skin has become white. Imai came in the evening. And again, wiggling the loincloth.

July 29th (Monday)
The sky has been getting filled with clouds since the morning and it seems that a typhoon's approaching. Speaking of typhoons, there's talk of changing the weather at will, making atomic bombs explode in the typhoons' path (around the Ryukyu archipelago) to force them to alter their course.

July 31st (Wednesday)
Today I went with Ishihara and Nishitani to the Tamatsukuri print shop to pay. Despite receiving some mangy, almost illegible books, they charged us 12 yen and 50 cents. With this publication we'll lose money. Heading back, we passed by Nishiki-za of Tenma, where we watched Sumiko Suzuki perform Nanakusa Neko (The Cat of the Seven Herbs). Then I traveled to Shinsaibashi, where I bought warabanshi [straw paper] in a stationer's shop and I returned home after watching Ankokugai (The Underworld) and Son Goku. As today was the last day for the black markets, there was a hoard of people in there.

August 1st (Thursday)
At nine I went to the YM and in the afternoon I had a Gakuyuza meeting. In the main podium of the Central Public Auditorium they were furiously fighting.
The black markets had officially expired this night at midnight
It was like a gigantic abandoned hanger that had just been cleaned. All the stores were closed. The only one that nervously remained open was one of the candy/ice cream stands. All the foods cost five yen, while the drinks were three. But in the display case barely anything decent remained. In one corner of Umeshin I saw that they were selling lemonade and ice cream at 9 and 10 yen and, to my surprise, I saw that here was what I'd drawn myself. I can't escape my own shadow.

(*It should be understood that only the black markets of Osaka closed that day)

As I returned home, I saw that Mr. Sakai had sent me fifty yen for my work*. I was notified that people interested in me have come from the Mainichi Newspaper and from Shiga News, I think that they're starting to value my work.
(*I suppose that would be the payment for my work in Hello Manga.)

August 5th (Monday)
I left for Osaka and, after sending letters to the newspapers, to Osaka and to Shotaro Nanbu, I took the opportunity to go to Shochikuza to see "Here Comes Mr. Jordan." It's an absurd comedy that only the Americans could make. Starting from six I had a musical assembly in the auditorium with Hiroshi Yano. I performed Toy Symphony. It was only six o'clock, but it was quite full. I bumped into Ishida and once again lost my fan in some corner. It's already the fourth time this summer, some kind of personal record.

August 6th (Tuesday)
I spent the day working on Lost World and, despite the fact that the pages weren't completely dry, my father bound them for me. But the binding was so sloppy that I complained, and that put him in a bad mood.

August 8th (Thursday)
In the afternoon I went to visit Mr. Sakai at his house in Tamade. After chatting for a bit, I gave him my story for Hello Manga. After that, we spent three and a half hours ranting about American comedies, after which I went up to Nanba to see "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" again. In the evening, after a good while they broadcast "Once Upon a Time." Between the deceased protesting and the the caterpillars dancing in Once Upon a Time, I wonder what the yanks have going on upstairs.
(*Film starring Cary Grant. That night they broadcast the dubbed version over the radio.)

Although this morning was time for a theater group meeting, I went through the afternoon dizzy, as if I were drunk, until I passed out. Upon checking if I had a fever, the thermometer showed forty degrees [104 degrees Fahrenheit]. I shouldn't have done it, but I ate two bowls of crushed ice with syrup. In the wee hours I had an urge to pee and, while crawling down the stairs, I felt about to fade away and I stayed there for quite a while, immobile. The cries of my mother roused me. Then I fell flat in front of the toilet. I immediately noticed how I was shitting myself; my boxers had become yellow, and such a foul odor...! Around two, my mother helped me get on the futon again and I recalled that from when I was a child.

August 10th (Saturday)
In the morning my temperature was 39.6 [103.3 F]. At noon it had gone down a bit, and by evening I was already a bit better. All day I was sucking in glucose and drinking water and more water. Doctor Kawaguchi came around six, gave me an injection and, after admiring my tailless Troides aeacus [Golden birdwing butterfly], he left.

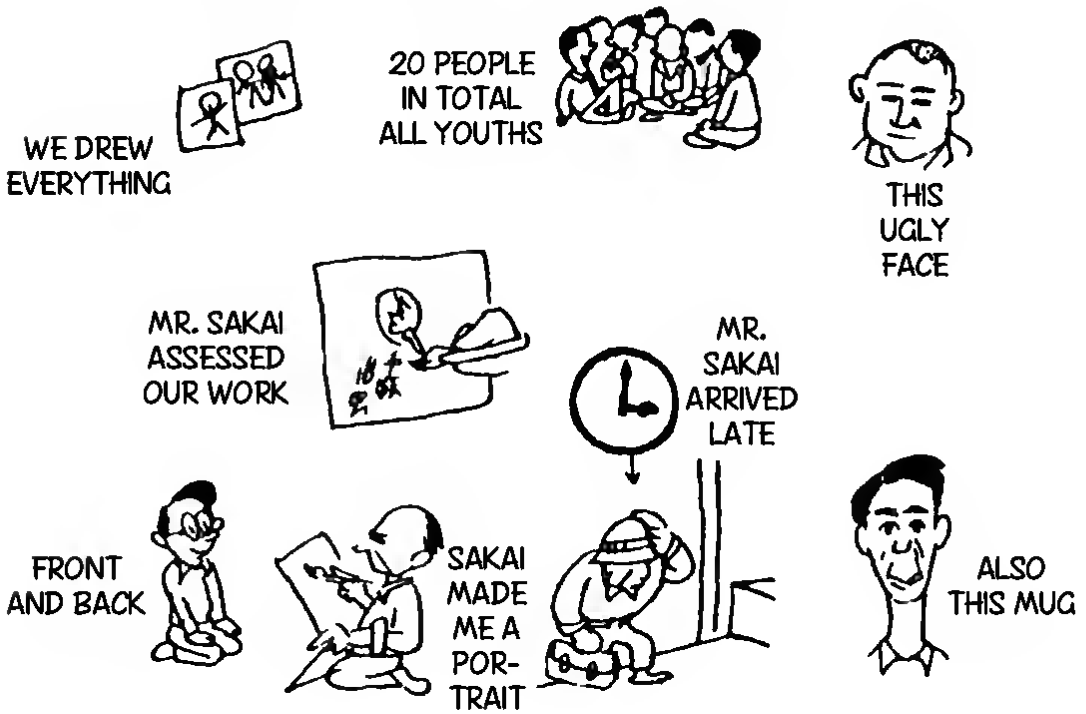
August 14th (Wednesday)
This morning, I picked up a fortune of two hundred yen and I went to Ueni (Uehonmachi Nichome) to buy tools for my work. I was planning to obtain this money by selling several of my entomological books, but Mom asked Dad to let her sell one of his summer kimonos to get it. Therefore, it's very precious. I can never be grateful enough for what my parents do for me.
The Kent paper that I purchased with this money is unaccountably good, but I don't know if that will transfer into an unaccountable improvement in the quality of my drawing. I'm unable to determine that.

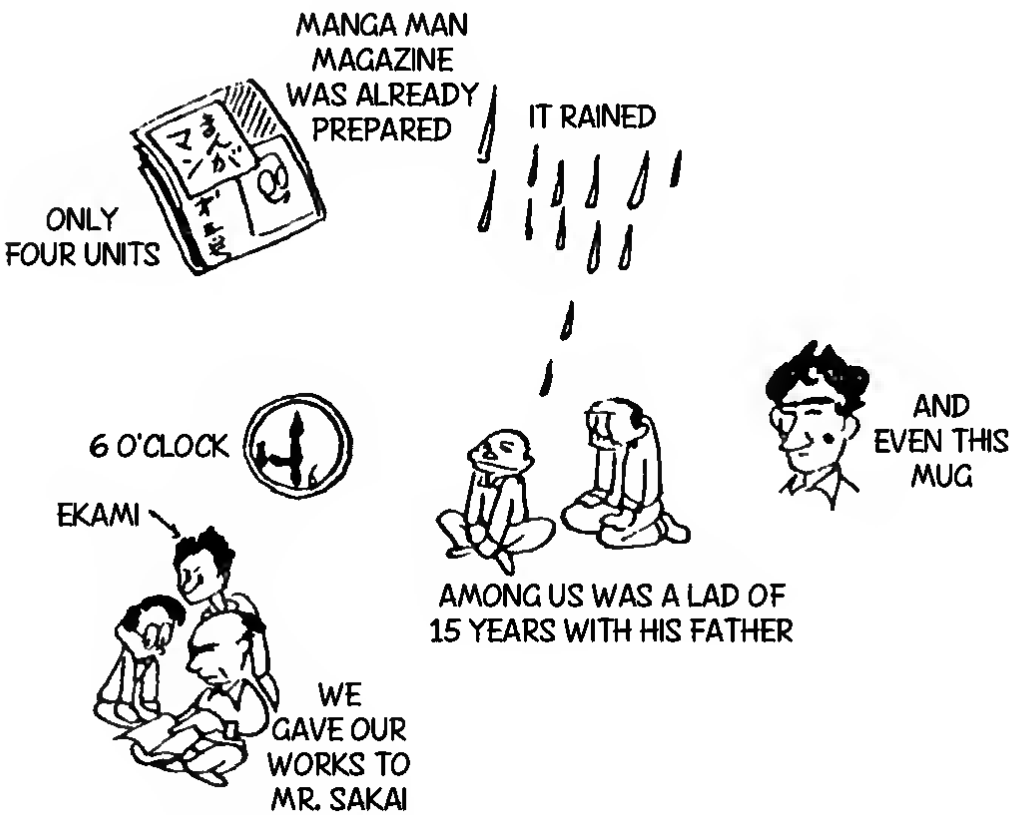
August 15th (Thursday)
It's been a year, on this exact day, since hundreds of millions of people cried, raged, worked themselves up, went crazy, and hundreds of thousands more passed to a better life. The simple fact of being here today fills me with emotion.

Today the national high school baseball tournament begins (in Nishinomiya Stadium). Crowds, loudspeakers and the score of the match.

August 16th (Friday)
I spent the day drawing Romance-to [Romance Island].

August 21st (Wednesday)
I went with Mom to Nishinomiya Kaikan to see "Here Comes Mr. Jordan*." Today they held the final match of the baseball tournament and the Kyoto Nichu faced off against Namisho. In the end, it was Namisho that carried the flag of victory.
(*I didn't stop criticizing the film by labeling it "absurd,"


WE DREW EVERYTHING
20 PEOPLE IN TOTAL ALL YOUTHS
THIS UGLY FACE
MR. SAKAI ASSESSED OUR WORK
MR. SAKAI ARRIVED LATE
FRONT AND BACK
SAKAI MADE ME A POR-TRAIT
ALSO THIS MUG


MANGA MAN MAGAZINE WAS ALREADY PREPARED
IT RAINED
ONLY FOUR UNITS
AND EVEN THIS MUG
6 O'CLOCK
EKAMI
AMONG US WAS A LAD OF 15 YEARS WITH HIS FATHER
WE GAVE OUR WORKS TO MR. SAKAI

but I saw it three times. It could have been that I liked the underlying idea. Three years later, I used a very similar idea in Fushigi Ryokoki (The Strange Journey).)

August 26th (Monday)
After noon, Mr. Nakamura from the Fuji Shobo Publisher came expressly to see how I was getting on with the commission*. Poor man, what a cross to bear.
(*Fuji Shobo originally wanted to take Romance-to [Romance Island], but the ink used in the originals was too light and they couldn't be printed. So they commissioned me for a storybook-like mini-manga of only 12 pages. The title was Takarajima [Treasure Island], but its publication was delayed and it came out after Shin Takarajima [New Treasure Island].)

August 28th (Wednesday)
During the morning, I devoted myself to drawing A-chan B-chan Tankenki [Exploration Record of A-chan and B-ko-chan] and during the afternoon I took the pages to Mainichi Newspaper, where Mr. Ueda and Mr. Hodono invited me to eat in the dining hall and conveyed to me that they'd pick up my tab. What joy. Later I came to the YM, I practiced the piano and, on the way back, I bought Ai no Yume [The Dream of Love] on Sakura bridge. It cost five yen and thirty cents for four pages. Upon returning home, Mr. Sakai was waiting for me and we were talking about various things. Among them, the possibility of creating a manga together entitled "Shin Takarajima." He left around eight.

Year 1947

January 3rd (Friday)
Today I went with Dad to the Asahi Pavilion to see a cycle of manga-films. There was the longest line and inside it was filled to the brim with people. Even though they called it a "cycle," there was actually only two films. The first one was quite pretentious, in Technicolor, from Disney*, and the other was a collection of eight shorts that weren't very good.
(*This was a mistake on my part, now I know that it wasn't from Disney. It was "The Green Line," a work in the Mighty Mouse series, by Paul Terry. The other film was "Swooner Crooner.")

January 6th (Monday)
As I have to go see Mr. Nakamura of Fuji Shobo tomorrow, I've been drawing King Kong almost without eating, but I still don't think I'll be done on time.

January 9th (Thursday)
In the afternoon I went to see the master, Shichima Sakai. We passed the whole afternoon, until it grew dark, talking about manga-films, and he invited me to cake and coffee around the corner.

January 10th (Friday)
Today I left class and went with Tokyo Osaka to visit Mr. Tsuneo Kawai from the Osakan newspaper. Although it was almost eleven o'clock, Osaka was still sound asleep. Mr. Kawai has proven to be a tricky man to deal with.

January 12th (Sunday)
I went with Mom and Minako to the theater. It was packed to th rafters and the retailers were very irritating. In this manner one can also notice the inflation here. They switched the tickets that we had requested to Mr. Umeda and put us in an odious spot, where we had to endure pushing and shoving galore, and Minako, that poor dear had the make-up removed from her entire face except for the tip of her nose, she began to cry. Upon returning home, I drew Tonchan as the cover of Maachan and went to take it to Yubundo.

January 18th (Saturday)
Today I had planned to watch the play "Donzoko" ["The Lower Depths"] from the Shinkyo theater group, but as they were sold out, I went to the Central Movie Theater of Takarazuka and watched "Watch on the Rhine." They've renovated Central's interior and it was very comfortable.

January 22nd (Wednesday)
In the evening I tried to color King Kong, but the chill didn't let me get much done. It's cold... Very, very... cold...

January 23rd (Thursday)
I went to visit the Yoron Newspaper after a good stint and they told me that they'd probably ask me for another manga soon. I already felt like starting another series, so I more or less accepted.

January 26th (Sunday)
Starting from ten I got together with the others from Gakuyuza in room 7 of the Public Auditorium. We discussed the play Donzoko and distributed the repertory scripts for Hakui no Hitobito [The White Coat People]. After dinner, I drew the cover of King Kong.

January 29th (Wednesday)
After a month, I dared to open the small windows of the upper floor and I practiced Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique." In the afternoon, I watched "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" in the Central Movie Theater of Takarazuka and on the way back I bought Hello Manga. In the evening, when I went to request that Matsuno pay me back the 400 yen I loaned him, it turned out that he still hadn't returned and, as his neighbor had left suddenly, a little more and I'm finished. Ah, what am I going to do about the 350 yen that I need tomorrow?

January 30th (Thursday)
Today I had to obtain 350 yen by any means, so I thought about selling my prized atlas of insects. But Mom shook out her purse and gave me all the money that she had left. I really don't deserve the parents I have. The talks between the union committee and the governor broke apart in only ten minutes. I'm afraid that it isn't going to be possible to avoid the strike scheduled for the first of February.

January 31st (Friday)
The general strike was summoned for tomorrow and, as the city's atmosphere was rather strained, at three in the afternoon, the McArthur administration suddenly gave the order to cancel it. I thought that tomorrow I'd get out of going to class... On the other hand, I believed that the union would complain about its treatment, but restraining their tears, they obeyed the order. It's too pitiful. This demonstrates the absolute power that the McArthur administration holds over us. The strategy of Yoshida's coalition cabinet has failed (it's said that Katayama, the leader of the Socialist Party, let the cat out of the bag) and the matter is stuck on a simple reform.

February 2nd (Sunday)
It's a cold that peels the skin. In the morning Mr. Nakamura came just as I finished King Kong. After speaking for a bit, we've decided that the next work will be something of a scientific nature, like Lost World.

February 4th (Tuesday)
After my classes I stopped by Ikuei Publishing, in the Juniken district, to see how the printing of Shin Takarajima was going. It turned out that it was finished, and I could take two copies. Okumura was quite furious because it only included the name of Mr. Sakai. We went into a cheap diner, had a drink, and parted ways.

February 5th (Wednesday)
I took Shin Takarajima to the university and, when they saw the book, Imai and Saito got on their knees and begged me to invite them to something.

February 7th (Friday)
On the way home, I went to see Mr. Kawai at the Osaka News.
He congratulated me for Shin Takarajima.

February 10th (Monday)
I spent the day esconced in the kotatsu, drawing the covers for Hokkyoku Tantei [Detectives from the North Pole] and King Kong, just like my installment for Hello Manga. In the end, the heat got to my head and I got a nosebleed.

February 11th (Tuesday)

Today, though I had everything well prepared since the morning, Mr. Nakamura didn't show up. In the afternoon, I went to see "No Time for Love" at the Central Movie Theater of Takarazuka, and in the evening Mr. Sakai came to visit me and we were talking about the next work, titled "Kai Robot" [The Monstrous Robot] until ten-thirty.

February 12th (Wednesday)
When I returned home, I was working on Kai Robot.

February 14th (Friday)
Today it snowed a lot. After waiting under the snow for Mr. Takeda, we went to Nanba together to watch Laurel and Hardy: The BullFighters and Suspicion. Later, we barged into Nanbu's house, to whom we voiced all our grievances and a little more and we'd miss the last train back.

February 16th (Sunday)
I collected 1,500 yen from King Kong and in exchange I take home Manga Hokkyoku Tantei. They told me that they'll render the next long work with photographic plates.

February 21st (Friday)
Today I thought I'd stick around the whole day working on Kasei Hakase [Dr. Mars], but as I began to run out of drawing paper, I left to buy more. After strolling by the stationer's shops of Takarazuka, Nishinomiya and Ikeda, in the end I didn't find what I wanted and the effort was in vain.

February 24th (Monday)
In the morning I bought four copies of Shin Takarajima at the Maruzen bookstore. I had a feeling that people were staring at me, so I hid my beret and my portfolio, removed my glasses, and lifted the lapels of my coat to sneak into the store, as if I were a spy.

March 3rd (Monday)
In the evening, my father came home dizzy and remained woozily in the entrance. They said that it was a new outbreak of malaria, but later he ate dinner as usual.

Shotaro Nanbu sent me an urgent telegram telling me to go see him.

March 8th (Saturday)
I went to Nanbu's house. The shit's overflowing from the district and casting a deadly plague. What I mean to say is that an offer on the part of Daiei had arrived, that the Three Manga Club* might hold an exhibition of manga. But as it didn't seem that we were going to get anything from it, I said that I'd rather not. On the other hand, I was surprised when he told me that in about four or five days he'll have completed Yaneura 3-chan [The 3 from the Attic]. Nanbu and Takeda made me very jealous because they'll be moving to Tokyo soon. On my return, I dropped a book onto the shit and the plague cemented itself to it.
(*The name of the group formed by Nanbu, Takeda and Tezuka.)

March 9th (Sunday)
I've discovered that in Shokudoraku (the Takarazuka souvenir shop) they sell Maachan dolls. I took ten yen and bought myself one. My wish is for Maachan books and dolls to go up for sale. Afterwards, I saw Mr. Umeda from the cabaret-theater, who has commissioned a job from me. When I returned home, I was wracking my brain and my gray matter to see if any ideas would occur to me, but I'm afraid that I won't make it in time for tomorrow.

March 11th (Tuesday)
Today I saw "Flesh and Fantasy" (directed by Julien Duvivier) at the Central Movie Theater of Takarazuka, but the screen was very dark and you could scarcely read the subtitles.

March 13th (Thursday)
On my way home, I stopped by the Yoron Newspaper and they asked me for another story. Then I stopped by the Osaka News and I spoke with Mr. Sakano. This month Yaneura 3-chan will end and he proposed a new series to me. I don't know what to do.

March 15th (Saturday)
Starting today, going to the movies will cost five yen less.

March 18th (Tuesday)
I passed by Osaka News and then Mr. Sakano and I went to Yubundo Publishing to deliver the manuscripts of Maachan, for which I received 3,100 yen.

March 20th (Thursday)
Today, although the leaden skies augured rain at any moment, I went to Kobe. I kicked about the entire market of crooks near Sannomiya, but I didn't find the kind of paper I wanted. However, after three hours of suffering, my efforts bore fruit! In a stationer's shop behind everything I found som packets of paper of the highest quality and, fully content, I purchased six.

March 21st (Friday)
Today I tested the type of paper I bought yesterday and it went much better than I expected. I'm not leaping for joy. Dad's leaving for Awaji tomorrow for a few days to eat and drink like a king.

March 22nd (Saturday)
Today I saw Takarajima, the first akabon* of this humble author, in an Ikeda bookstore. Also, the sixth issue of Hello Manga had come out. I've received a letter from Mitsuo Higashiura.
[*Translator's Note: Akabon were a type of manga book with very poor quality, published in Osaka. They were called "akabon" (red books) for their use of red ink to add tone to black and white printing.]

March 23rd (Sunday)
During the morning I wrote letters for Mr. Migita, Higashiura, and Mr. Nakamura. Then I spent the day (more specifically, until three in the afternoon) getting my next work, Ponpoko Sanyushi [The Three Chubby Brave Warriors] half-ready. Treasure Island is also up for sale in Takarazuka. The paper is very thin, but as it's a little better than Takeda's I'm reassured a bit. I watched "Once Upon a Time" in the Central Movie Theater. Cary Grant reminds me more and more of Oyamauchi.

March 31st (Monday)
Today I sent copies of Shin Takarajima and Takarajima to Seiichiro Takeuchi. On the other hand, I went to take the manuscript of Kai Robot to Mr. Sakai. I've already decided that this will be the last I have to do with him.

April 1st (Tuesday)
Starting from today, sending postcards will cost fifty cents; and letters, one yen and twenty. Peace brand tobacco has risen to 20 yen. But the Hankyu Railway has added express trains.

April 2nd (Wednesday)
Today I left with my good pigskin leather boots, but I was constantly slipping, until, as I arrived before the Asahi News building, I caught such a sensational slip in the entryway stairs that I fell right on my ass. I felt so crushed that I decided to go back home. They promoted Mom to the head of group 2, which is why tonight she summoned many people to our house and they put together an impressive reception in the dining room. Dad had to go showing off photos up to the annex, to the annoyance of Mr. Shito*.
(*The gentleman who lived at home.)

April 9th (Wednesday)
During the morning I worked on Ramunei Satsujin Jiken [The Murder Case of Ramunei]. This story is, in all aspects, distinct from everything that I've come to do up to now.
(*This was the first story I produced aimed at an adult audience. The drawing style was similar to that of Eijiro Shioda.)

April 14th (Monday)
Today we had practice for Hakui no Hitobito [The White Coat People]. Later I came to Umeda, to watch Kitsune no Kureta Akanbo [A Baby Given by a Fox]. From five-thirty, I went to practice "A Marriage Proposal" on the fourth floor of the Asahi News building. The cast: Stepan Stepanovitch Tschubokov... Nakamura. Natalia Stepanovna... Suzuki. Ivan Vassiliyitch Lomov... Tezuka. Stage director... Yamashita.

April 15th (Tuesday)
From four o'clock, I went to the auditorium to see the piece "Buki to Jiyu" [Guns and Liberty], by the Shinkyo Group. It wasn't bad, but the "slapstick" scene from the ending was too much for me. When they used a kind of gun that kicked up an outrageous noise, I got a good scare.

April 16th (Wednesday)
I spent the day drawing Bad-Hakase to Jim [Professor Bad and Jim].
In the evening, I went to Asahi News to practice "A Marriage Proposal."

April 17th (Thursday)
My entire day was taken up with finalizing Bad-Hakase to Jim.

April 18th (Friday)
At four-thirty, I went to Yubundo Publishing, in their interior room we celebrated the establishment of the Shin Manga Roman-ha Group [New Manga for Romanticism Group]. We didn't lack for sake and food in abundance. Among those present: Haruyuki Nakamura, Tsuneo Kawai, Takeda, Takeo Iwata, Manpei Tanaka, Kawashima and Tezuka. We all knew each other from before and we got along very well, so we were chatting as if we'd known each other our whole lives. After the party, and going to the second location, Mr. Kawai began to babble and hit Mr. Sakano upside his head.

April 21st (Monday)
Gunji Kakegawa, of Yubundo, came to the house in my absence and left 3,500 yen in payment for Bad-Hakase to Jim. After the Senatorial elections, it happily turned out that Iwaki's uncle was elected for Osaka. I'm sure that it has something to do with his paper on food distribution.

April 23rd (Wednesday)
I went to see "Christmas Holiday" in Shikijima Cinema, but there isn't much to say about it other than Durbin breaks out. I've been rehearsing "A Marriage Proposal" from the afternoon til night.

April 24th (Thursday)
In the evening, Mr. Shito's sister fled to the living room saying that there was someone on the other side of the annex window. Shivering (we shivered on account of the cold), Mom and I searched the garden but we didn't see anybody.

April 25th (Friday)
It's been discovered that on the other side of Mr. Shito's window, there was a rat.

April 27th (Sunday)
In the April issue of Kageki they published a very pretty manga by Hikaru Kuroki. I'd like to meet her some day.

April 28th (Monday)
We've rehearsed "A Marriage Proposal" since morning. According to Yoritaka, we're like the Ningyoza puppets that performed in the Central Public Auditorium.
In the afternoon, I was dancing wildly with Yajima and others, and I grew so bold that I slipped and kissed the ground with my buttocks.

May 9th (Friday)
This morning there was a pretty strong earthquake and, half-asleep, I remember thinking "yet again Hiroshi"s perching himself on the roof."

May 10th (Saturday)
Starting today, hang on... Newspapers cost 40 cents!!!

May 11th (Sunday)
I spent the day working on pages for Takarazuka Club.
In the afternoon I went to visit Kitamura's father. As until now he hasn't done anything other than books of sutras and he doesn't have any idea about storybooks, we didn't get anywhere.

May 12th (Monday)
I saw a manga-film at Nishinomiya Movie Theater. I liked "Mouse Baseball."

May 15th (Thursday)
I went to the offices of the cabaret-theater and I'm pleased because it seems that they once again liked the manga I made for them. I asked them insistently to enable me to meet Hikaru Kuroki. It's been decided that the entire governor's cabinet will resign on the 20th.

May 16th (Friday)
According to the news, they've found a fossil of a Paleolithic man from prehistoric times in a cave in the Okuchichibu Mountains. Moreover, in Yokohama they've discovered a dinosaur skeleton that could be a stegosaurus.

May 19th (Monday)
I've drawn a poster for the prevention of tuberculosis. I was able to finish it around twelve-thirty, and the following morning I had a headache.

May 22nd (Thursday)
In the morning I left for the university with Minako's ink in my pocket. Just outside Hankyu Station, my jar broke and my pocket, pants, the palm of my hand and my bag were soiled. Without knowing what to do, I bought another jar and this one had a poorly wound stopper, so that the ink leaked on me and I couldn't feel more miserable. I wound up with hands, legs and everything in general all filthy.

May 23rd (Friday)
I went with Oyamauchi to see the theater of the Shinkokugeki Group. I noticed Shimada's involvement in Cyrano de Bergerac; he had me in tears. However, as I was in the gallery, I couldn't adequately observe Cyrano's nose and I greatly regret that.

May 26th (Monday)
I watched Zo o Kutta Renchu [The Fellows Who Ate the Elephant]. The plot is intriguing, but the filmmaking is truly the director's pièce de résistance.

May 30th (Friday)
I watched "The Girl I Loved" in the auditorium. The scenes of the storm on the mountain are spectacular.

May 31st (Saturday)
After a record serialization of 410 installments, today Nanbu's Yaneura 3-chan [The 3 from the Attic] has come to an end. His accomplishments will remain in the history of the Kansai manga world.

June 1st (Sunday)
I decided take Kasei Hakase as my principal job for June. From today the serialization of Takeda's Mister A-Taro begins. The story itself isn't very interesting.

June 2nd (Monday)
I spent the day locked in the house and working on Kasei Hakase. Lately there's been an abundance of counterfeit ten yen notes. This time they're quite well made, they say.

June 4th (Wednesday)
I keep drawing Kasei Hakase. My father has purchased fried intestines just for himself and eats them with great pleasure. Today the Katayama administration was born.

June 7th (Saturday)
Tomorrow I must meet with Mr. Nakamura, so I took Kasei Hakase to class and I was working on it during my genetics and physiology classes. I saw "The Uninvited" in the Central Movie Theater of Takarazuka, which combined with the sudden downpour that's fallen, has created a very strange effect.

June 10th (Tuesday)
I was drawing a portrait of Haruka Kodama* until three in the afternoon, but it didn't go well and I threw it away. Later, to add insult to injury, I drew an ume with a simian face, but suddenly my drawing came off very similar to her and I took it to the offices of the cabaret-theater. However, there's no way I'm leaving the drawings of Haruka Kodama and Nobuko Otowa.
(*Student from the cabaret-theater of Takarazuka.)

June 11th (Wednesday)
In Europe, due to the problems in Hungary, we're beginning to catch a decisive glimpse of the conflicting positions of the United States and Great Britain regarding the Soviet Union.
I set aside going to class to dedicate myself to Kasei Hakase.

June 12th (Thursday)
I went to see "Penny Serenade*." Nobody can deny that Cary Grant is quite the eccentric actor. The earthquake scene is impressive.
(*This film is set in prewar Japan and the protagonists live through an earthquake.)

June 13th (Friday)
Tonight I fell down the stairs and I sprained my hand. It's clear that sehr Schmerzen, verrottung, entz ündlich. Knochen verletzung, right? When I fell asleep it was already ataxie zustand.

June 16th (Monday)
I watched "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" at the Umeda Grand.
I was impressed by the sublime interpretation from Thomas Mitchell*.
(*Here I was confused and in reality I wanted to say Charles Laughton.)

June 17th (Tuesday)
After eating, I got absorbed in a discussion with Haruta about the cabaret-theater and the singing of Naniwa, from which I emerged with a headache. Mister A-Taro, by Takeda, isn't getting very good reviews.
Dad again brought something very strange for dinner, but it smelled so bad that nobody dared try it.

June 22nd (Sunday)
Mr. Nakamura came and I handed him Kasei Hakase's manuscript.
As even he told me that I'm lost in the national exam, I'm beginning to worry.

June 23rd (Monday)
I went to Yubundo for the first time in a while and I found that Mr. Sakano wasn't in a very good mood. I bumped into Manpei Tanaka and we went to visit Ekami together, but he wasn't home. Later on I stopped by Umeda to see "Morocco."

June 24th (Tuesday)
I've decided to take Momoon-yama no Arashi [Storm of Mt. Momon] as my main work for July.

June 25th (Wednesday)
They've made me draw and sign some pictures in Yubundo and Masami Takeda arrived. I thought about somehow giving him an earful about Kaijinto [The Island of the Ghosts]*, but my cowardly nature prevented me and we talked about other topics. Later we went to Nanbu's home, as he'd returned from Tokyo**. Just out of spite, I'm not sure, he began more and more to criticize Takeda's Mister A-Taro, which in consequence the author was becoming scarlet with rage. I chose to ignore them and polish off the steak they brought.
(*After showing Masami Takeda my prototype piece for Lost World, I learned that later he made a manga titled Kaijinto, which was a brazen imitation thereof. **Shotaro Nanbu went to Tokyo to try to promote his Yaneura 3-chan [The 3 from the Attic] in the capital. But there he encountered an impenetrable wall, after which he decided to return to Osaka in order to prepare a new "Tokyo offensive.")

June 26th (Thursday)
Today they broadcast, with much fanfare, the popular radio program "Hanashi no Izumi" ["Fountain of Words"] from the Auditorium of Democracy from Osaka.

June 30th (Monday)
Today, while I was out, Mr. Masao Tanaka from Taisho Nichinichi News came by for reasons unknown, and it seems that my sister confused him with Manpei Tanaka.

July 2nd (Wednesday)
I've decided to take up Tunnel (working title) as my principal task for August. In the story Kenichi, Mustachio and Lamp* will appear, while the protagonist will be Miichan.
(*I mixed him up with Ham Egg.)

July 6th (Sunday)
This morning, when I was very busy, Mr. Nakamura came to bring me twenty copies of King Kong and 11,400 yen as payment. It seems that it pained him. It is what it is, how ugly is poor King Kong...

July 7th (Monday)
I went to Yubundo, where I ran into Takeda, and from two to seven p.m. we were eating bread in front of Osaka Station and hurling insults at Mister A-Taro nonstop. I delivered Momoon-yama no Arashi to Mr. Sakano, who bore a bitter expression. Down the street I bumped intoMr. Taneurihira.

July 9th (Wednesday)
They've raised the price of a Hankyu Railways ticket to Osaka to 20 yen! The price of train tickets has shot up.

July 18th (Friday)
Starting today I will devote myself to my long series Tunnel (provisional title).

July 22nd (Tuesday)
I went to Osaka to look for paper and in passing I watched Gaslight in Umeda Cinema. The cast, with Boyer, Bergman* and Cotten, was exceptional, and the film was a wonder. Later I went to the home of Takeda, who showed me the long series Maboroshi-Shiro [The Castle Mirage], created by himself, but I must say that it's blatantly plagiarized from Lost World. How dangerous, how dangerous.
(*Ingrid Berman.)

July 24th (Thursday)
I went to see a cycle of manga-films in the Asahi Auditorium, but they were very childish and simple-minded, very poorly made, and that put me in a bad mood. Above all, the film of the badgers stood out painfully. On my way back I stopped by Yubundo, but as Mr. Sakano wasn't very welcoming, my bad mood has spread.

August 2nd (Saturday)
I finally finished my installment for Kageki. In the afternoon I went to the library and I looked through each and every one of the articles from the era of Parisette.

August 5th (Tuesday)
I took my pages for Takarazuka Club and Kageki to the offices of the cabaret-theater. They've brought my trip to Tokyo to fruition, so tonight my father packed the bag I'm going to check-in.

August 6th (Wednesday)
In the morning I worked on the Kobundo commission. Later I went with my mother to Osaka, but they were out of tickets for the time I wanted, so I had to buy tickets for the night train. I've spent a thousand yen more than my budget before even reaching Tokyo. I sat comfortably in the carriage of the train that left at 22:34 p.m. While I ate a little sushi and other things we passed Kyoto and then I fell asleep.

August 7th (Thursday)
When I woke up early in the morning, I saw that we were in Nagoya and that it had begun to rain. The sun rose in Hamamatsu, but I wasn't able to see Fuji. The Pacific coasts were battered by enormous waves. I ate bread and ham.
I arrived in Tokyo at 10:30 a.m. and I traveled up to Shinjuku on the Yamanote line. I was very surprised by the changes in Shinjuku. I reached Kitazawa around 11:30 a.m., where I met with my grandparents and I finished the trip without any mishaps. The weather outside was dreadful; it was probably a strong, localized storm. (*The previous time I visited Tokyo was in 1942, so surely I was stunned before the charred remains of buildings and the barracks.)

August 9th (Saturday)
In the morning I went to Kodansha Publishing, in Otowa, and I was surprised by the majestic building that housed it*. I met Mr. Ochiai, from the Kodomo Club magazine [Children's Club]. As I didn't see much chance of work, I went up to the house of the master, Kennosuke Araseki**. I went with the Tohoku line until near a cheap clothing store called Akabane and I searched throughout the whole day. When I finally found it, they told me that he had moved a little over a month ago and I was crestfallen. They remarked to me that he had left for the Sakuragi district, in Ueno, so that, although the sun had set already, I left for there without thinking twice. Luckily, I was able to meet him and we were talking about the situation in Tokyo until it got very late. (*The publishers that I was familiar with until then were confined to the small studios of Osaka, so I was truly impressed. **One of the objectives for my trip to Tokyo this time was to meet the masters Araseki and Keizo Shimada. Master Araseki was one of the mangaka that I admired, and the shape of the bubbles that I use is taken from his style.)

August 10th (Sunday)
I went down to Kanda with uncle Masao and we walked through Kanda, Nihonbashi, Kyobashi, Ginza and Yurakucho. In contrast with the section of Otowa, the recovery of the central district is remarkable. He invited me to a restaurant for some delicious katsudon [fried pork and rice] and then we went to see "The Lower Depths" with Jean Gabin in Hibiya.

August 11th (Monday)
Today I went to visit the masters, Kennosuke Araseki, Keizo Shimada and Mitsugu Katayori.

August 12th (Tuesday)
I went to Sankenjaya, via the Shimotakaido line, where one finds Ashida's Central Studios for manga-films. When I arrived, they were putting together a feature film titled "Baghdad no Tozoku" [The Baghdad Bandits]*. Then I went up to the publishing houses of Nakamura Shoten, in Asakusa, and of Nippai, in Kanda. In Kanda I found Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6, by Liszt, for 35 yen.
(*This was the first step toward my dream of coming to make anime; I planned on going to work for them if everything went well, but they didn't take me up on it.)

August 14th (Thursday)
After a long time, I went out with my grandmother and we watched the modernized version of Yotsuya Kaidan [Yostuya Ghost Story] in the Imperial Theater of Hibiya. But as it was set in the postwar period, things from that period like that black market, etc. stood out. It didn't seem like a ghost story.

August 15th (Friday)
Today, for the sake of a fraternal meeting of manga artists, at 11 o'clock I went to the Kuramae Auditorium in Shinbashi. Among others, gathered there were Shigeo Miyao, Gajo Sakamoto, Koshi Ota, Takeshi Ogawa, Reiji Aki, Tetsuo Ogawa and Mitsugu Katayori. I, as the representative from Kansai, did what I could to put our group - Shin Manga Roman-ha [New Manga for Romanticism] - on the map.

Postscript

This diary is a selection from the portions most relevant to Shin Takarajima and my other works from that period. I've tried to skip, whenever it seemed appropriate, matters pertaining to family or the university. I've done this becaus I've judged that the readers aren't interested in the names of my former classmates or my relatives. I hope that you read these pages in the spirit of learning what it is that stirred me and how I felt in that time in which I debuted.

August 20th (Tuesday)
Meeting of the Kansai Manga Man Club in Ekami's house starting at one in the afternoon.

SOBRE LA REEDICIÓN DE LA NUEVA ISLA DEL TESORO
POR OSAMU TEZUKA

El editor de la recopilación de mis obras complatas (1) en la editorial Kôdansha y yo estuvimos valorando durante una larga temporada si incluir La nueva isla del tesoro o no en ella. Sinceramente, al principio yo no tenía la menor intención de incluir este título en mis obras completas. Por eso, como colofón a los trescientos tomos da la colección, estaba pensando en crear desde caro algo original (como por ejemplo, el final de Vampire (2)) para ponerla la guinda al proyecto. Sin ambargo, al parecer el editor tenía muy claro que asa obra que pusiera el punto y final a lo grande tenía que ser La nueva isla dal tesoro y así lo había decidido. Sus razones:

1. Hasta aquel momento, nunca había sido reeditada (aunqua sí qua una vez salió una versión retrazada a mano por el señor Haruo Nishikami), por lo que la obra era considerada un verdadero anigma valorado por su rareza.

2. La gente la conoca como la obra con la qua Osamu Tezuka dabutó (en realidad es un error), y además fue un best-seller, con lo que es obvio qua debía figurar en la colección de mis obras completas.

3. La frase reclamo de la campaña da lanzamiento inicial de la colección fua "Desde La nueva isla dal tesoro hasta sus áxitos más racientes", nombrando explícitamente este título en particular. Por ello, los lactores esperaban su publicación.

Había aún más razones, pero aun así, yo me resisti hasta el último momento y rogué para que se abandonara la idea de sacarla. Mis razones:

1. Yo no guardaba ningún original de La nueva isla dal tesoro y los libros impresos eran versiones retrazadas (kakiban) de muy mala calidad que habian afeado terriblemente al dibujo original. Como autor, me resistía a consantir que fuera raedita-da en aquellas condiciones.

2. De puertas afuera, sa suponía que al señor Shichima Sakai se había encargado de la idea original y dal argumanto principal. Sin embargo, tanto la idaa original como el borrador dal argumento lo raalicé yo pensando en una obra de unas 250 páginas. Por circunstancias de la editorial, al sañor Sakai racortó 60 páginas, cambió frases de mi cosacha e incluso retocó los dibujos, con lo qua no se podía decir qua fuara una obra de Osamu Tezuka como tal.

3. La colección de mis obras completas, lejos da ser una saria da libros "símil" para el público connoissaur, estaba pensada como un proyecto enfocado al público infantil actual (3). Aunque en la época en la que se publicó La nueva isla del tesoro fuera un manga fresco a innovador, para los lectores actuales su contanido es anticuado y poco atractivo, por lo que no creía que su republicación fuera bian recibida. Por

supuesto, si uno tenía la mala suerte de que su obra cayera en manos de un planchista torpe, la obra finalmente publicada aparacía con un trazo tan tosco que dolía hasta verlo.

Recordemos además que La nueva isla del tesoro fue el primer libro de manga publicado en la posguerra en Kansai. La técnica de los profesionales del kakiban de la época, sinceramenta, era pésima. El encargado de trazar aquel libro reprodujo los matices de mi trazo de modo chapucero y sin el menor interés, con lo que el dibujo final poco tenía que ver con el que yo entregué. En los peores sitios había personajes a los que les faltaba una pierna, con un ojo extra dibujado debajo de un ojo de expresión alegre... una retahíla de arrores imperdonables. Por eso, fuera en edición "simil" o como fuera, si esos dibujos vieran de nuevo la luz pública sólo contribuirían a avergonzarme. Por eso siempre me he negado a la reedición de esta obra y se ha convertido en un "libro legendario".

Así que, si ahora puado presentar La nueva isla del tesoro es porque he hecho un "ramake", es decir, la ha rehecho para la ocasión. Yo mismo he tomado los lápices y he copiado las páginas del libro original.

Supongo qua esto es una gran desilusión para los que querían una reedición del libro "tal como apareció en su momento". Al fin y al cabo, no puedo evitar que mi trazo actual acabe reflejándose en esta nueva versión y, hasta cierto punto, introducir alteraciones. Pero también he considerado que el 90% de los lectores que tomen esta obra en sus manos nunca habrán oído hablar de ella antes, lo que me ha ayudado a tomar la decisión. He recorregido la obra en los puntos en los que el señor Sakai metió mano, para devolverla al estado original que tenía cuando se la hice llegar. Me gustaría qua quienes tengan la antigua edición de La nueva isla del tesoro la compararan con ésta.

La diferencia más notable redica en la cara de Tarzán; el original tenía grandes ojos redondos. También hay cambios autiles en las expresiones de los piratas. Asimismo, las onomatopeyas fueron en su mayoría añadidas por Sakai, por los que las he aliminado y también, haciendo un gran ejercicio da memoria, he devuelto las frases de los personajes a las que recordaba que pronunciaban en mi primera versión. Lo que más dificultades me ha traído, ya qua prácticamente no recordaba nada de allo, ha sido recordar qué viñetas se suprimieron en qué páginas y cómo estaba construido originalmante el argumento. Poco a poco he ido recuparando las situaciones y las he añadido también. La escena en la que salva al perro al principio astaba estructurada de forma diferante y la he devualto a su estado original. En medio de la obra había chistes del perro e importantes escanas de acción, pero fueron eliminadas sin piedad. Sin embargo, sí tenía en la memoria la de cuando el parro va a salvar a Pete, al que se lo lleva la corriente del río. En la antigua edición, la cuerda qua le traa no figuraba en el dibujo.

La historia original tarminaba con al descubrimiento de que todo había sido un sueño. Lo hice así porque no me cuadraba nada la idea de que un anacrónico barco pirata se topara con un buqua da la actualidad. Al comentárselo al señor Sakai, él me

dijo "es un manga, con lo que no importa que haya situaciones absurdas". Sin embargo, yo siempre he creído qua hay un límite para lo absurdo y por eso ma saqué de la manga lo del sueño. Pero Sakai cortó toda la escene final y el libro acababa con la escena en la qua los personajes dicen "¡Adiós, isla del tesoro!". Es un final muy ortodoxo, lo reconozco, paro también hay que reconocar qua defraudaba. Aunque admito qua seguramante ere más adecuado para la época.

Yo tenía la idea de continuar narrando más avantures del tándem formedo por al joven Pete (qua an obras posteriores aparece con al nombra de Ken'ichi) y del capitán (un personaje reguler mío llamado Makeru Butamo), por lo que mi siguiente obra, Kasei Hakase (El Doctor Marte) también terminó con el recurso del sueño y ésta sí que salió tal cual. Sin ambargo, como más adelante Sakai se quejó de que utilizare a los dos juntos an otras obras, decidí romper el tándem e hice aparecar a Mostacho a partir de Chiteikoku no kaijin (Los monstruos del peís subterráneo).

Desviándoma un poco del tema, pensé en devolverle a La nueva isla del tesoro su final original de lo del sueño, pero no logro recordar cómo estaba planteada esta parte en mi propuesta original. Creo que al perro la comentabe a Pete que todo había sido un sueño y se marcheba, pero no recuerdo cómo lo hacía. Por eso, esta última parte de la obra es le única rehecha a partir de cero, con una idea originel.

He convertido al perro an una especie da Peter Pan, al niño que guía a Wendy y a los demás a un país imaginario. Perodiando esto, esta vez es un parro, por alocade que parezca la idea, quien invita al joven Pete a visitar una isle imaginaria poblada por ceníbales y en la que hay piratas. En reelidad, el perro es un hada llemada Pan... ya veis por dónde van los tiros. Sin embargo, an Peter Pan, los pedres de Wendy le azotan con su realismo implaceble. En este libro, une vez Pan sa ha merchado, Pete descubre también le decepcionante realided de la isla del tesoro.

¿No os perece mucho más moderna y actual esta manara de terminer que el final feliz tan manido y vulger de "¡Adiós, isla del tesoro!"? (Seguramante, hace 40 años, nunca se me habríe pesado por la cebaza un final esí, ya que los menga infantiles no contenían tanta ironía).

En fin, lo que nadie puede negar es qua de La nueva isla del tesoro se imprimieron 400.000 ejampleres en su momento y qua fue el primero de los mange publicados directamente en forme de libro del Jepón de le posguerra. Éste fue al detonante del primer boom dal manga de ese período.

Sin embargo, cuando se lo mostré al señor Kennosuke Arasaki, me señeló duramente mis carencies artísticas y al señor Keizô Shimeda llegó a desprecierle diciando "si este tipo de mange se vuelve popular, estaremos epeñados" (implicando que la obra era una herejía pera el mundo del manga).

Pese a sus virtudes y carencias, La nueva isle del tesoro generó al boom dal

menga que vivimos en la actualidad y, sólo por esto, creo qua vale la pena y es necesario incluirla en la recopilación de mis obras completas.

* Quiero agradecer a la editorial Ikuai (y a su director Shûji Fujita), así como el señor Nobuhiro Fujita) su colaboración en la edición de Shintakarajima (La nueva isla del tesoro).

* Aprovecho también para agradecer la colaboración de todos los que han hacho posible la edición da Tezuka Osamu Manga Zenshû (Obras complatas manga de Osamu Tezuke): aditorial Akita Shoten, periódico Asahi, editorial Asehi Sonorama, editorial Ushio Shuppansha, editorial Ôbunsha, editorial Gakushû Kenkyû (Gakken), editorial Kôbunsha, periódico Sankei, Sanrio, editorial Jitsugyô no Nippon-sha, editorial Shûeisha, aditorial Shufu no Tomo, editorial Shôgakukan, editorial Shônen Gahô-sha, editorial Suzuki Shuppansha, editoriel Tokuma Shoten, periódico Nishí Nippon, editoriel Hayakawe Shobô, editorial Futabesha, revista Bungai Shunjû, editorial Heibonsha, aditorial Kôbunsha, periódico Mainichi, editoriel Magazine House y periódico Yomiuri; así como a Hirokazu Ishino, Kôji Oikawa, Emiko Okada, Shûichi Shinoda y Fumio Noguchi.

Notas del Traductor:

(1) A finalas de los años 70 se inició la recopilación en tomos da la obra completa de Osamu Tezuka (Tezuka Osamu Manga Zenshû). La colección constó en un principio de 300 volúmenes, de los que La nueva isla del tesoro fue el número 281 (aunque fue el último en salir a la venta). La colección se publicó en Japón de la mano de la editorial Kôdansha, antre junio de 1977, con Jungle Taitei (El emperador de la jungla) y octubra de 1984, con el tomo 14 de Buda y La nueva isla del tesoro). Más tarde, la colección se amplió hasta llegar a los 400 volúmenes de los que consta actualmente, empezando por al tomo 1 de MW en enero da 1993 y finalizando en diciembre de 1997 con un recopiletorio da discursos pronunciados por Tezuka en varios eventos.
(2) Vampire es una de las obras más conocidas de Tezuka. Fue serializada an la revista Shônen Magezine entre 1966 y 1967 y quedó inconclusa. (3) Se refiere al momento en el qua ascribió este texto, es decir, sobre el año 1984.

A los lectores

En las obras de Osamu Tezuka aparecen numerosos personajes extranjeros, como por ejemplo gente de raza negra. Algunos de estos personajes están dibujados de manera que enfatizan la apariencia que tenían en el pasado, o cuando sus respectivas civilizaciones estaban menos avanzadas, es decir, que este estilo de dibujo no tiene nada que ver con las circunstancias actuales.
Últimamente se han recibido críticas qua apuntan a qua esta forma de dibujar es claramente discriminatoria hacia la raza negra o hacia otras razas del mundo. Nos consta que, en el momento en el que se publicaron las obras en las qua se utiliza este tipo de dibujo, el autor no tuvo la menor intención de discriminar. Sin embargo, en la actualidad existe gente qua relaciona este modo de dibujar con pensamientos racistas, así que nos hemos visto obligados a argumentar que, en este caso, eso no es así.

Ni qué decir que aborrecemos cualquier tipo de discriminación y que nos esforzamos por que el racismo acabe desapareciendo. Sin embargo, lamentablemente al autor de estas obras falleció y creemos que contratar a terceros para alterar su obra sería una falta de respeto hacia su memoria. Por lo tanto, hemos concluido que no existe ninguna vía adecuada para resolver este problema. Estamos realizando la publicación de las obras de Osamu Tezuka sin alteracionas porque creemos que en su base yacen temas tan nobles y valiosos para la sociedad moderna como el amor por los seres humanos o la maravilla de la vida.

Aprovechamos la oportunidad que nos ofreca esta obra para pedirles a los lectores que sepan discernir entre la evolución de los puntos de vista acerca da la discriminación en los años transcurridos desda la publicación de las obras de Tezuka y que aprovechen la oportunidad para obtener un mayor entendimiento del problema del racismo.

Tezuka Production / Ediciones Glénat

LA NUEVA ISLA DEL TESORO

SHIN TAKARA JIMA
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